

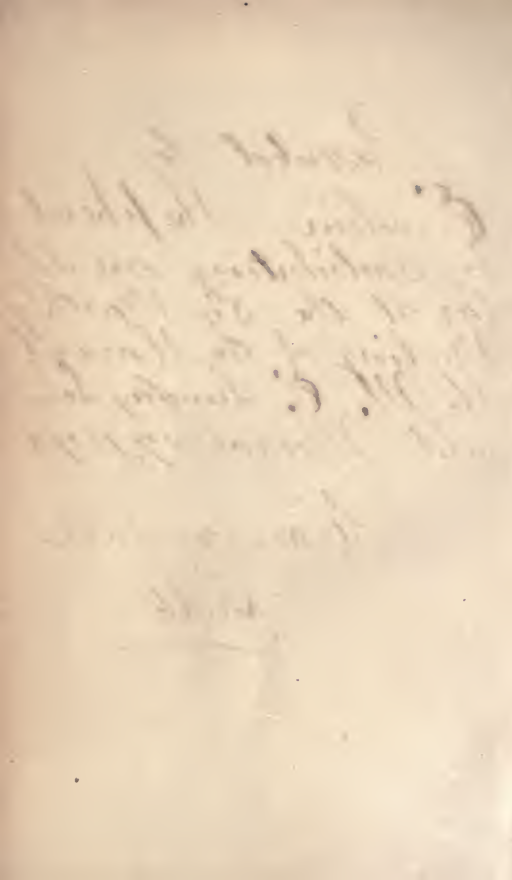
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A
HOUSEHOLD STORY
OF THE
AMERICAN CONFLICT.

Forward with the Flag.

"Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent."

LONGFELLOW.

BY
MARY S. ROBINSON.

San Francisco, Cal. :
E. THOMAS, 711 MISSION STREET.
1868.

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PREFACE.

THE kindly reception accorded to "The Brother Soldiers" has encouraged the author to the preparation of other volumes for the series. As the conflict deepens and widens, its individual features assume greater prominence, and are in some instances invested with a rare interest. "Forward with the Flag" continues the narrative already begun, and brings it down to the winter of 1863.

A recent notice of "The Brother Soldiers," suggests that the author should make the narrative her own, and give but little share to descriptive articles written by other pens. It may not be amiss to state that the quotations, except in the case of certain poems, are merely apparent, and are used simply to aid in carrying out the plan of the story.

June 1st, 1867.

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FORWARD WITH THE FLAG.

CHAPTER I.

COMMODORE FOOTE AT FORT HENRY.

“Now, papa, do! I think you might! Won’t you, please? We haven’t had any stories for ever and ever so long. Come, papa, now do;” exclaimed the Warren children, with many more urgent expressions that need not here be repeated; since most little girls and boys know quite well what is usually said on all occasions when the obtaining of a favor seems, to the pleaders at least, to depend on the persistence with which it is urged. The children clung to him, one by each arm, and one by his coat; so, though his hand was on the door-latch, it was evident that they were ready to resist any attempt he might make to escape.

“But I can’t just now,” said Mr. War-

ren. "There's the team coming over the hill with a load of wood. I must go and help get it off. Then there are the cattle to feed. But you shall have a story soon, I promise you."

"Soon!" echoed Roger. "That's what you've said for nobody knows how long; isn't it, Frank? and not one have we had since Daniel went away; now have we, Frank?"

"Say you'll tell us one to-night, father," added Frank, "and we'll let you off 'on parole.'"

"Well, well, perhaps so," said the father, hurrying away from their grasp. "Come, boys, run up to the barn and pitch me down some hay. You may put some through the cutter, too, if you wish."

Away raced Frank and Roger, each eager to outstrip the other, while Maedy picked up the work-basket they had turned over, and restored its scattered contents to their places. "It's just as Roger says," she exclaimed, in the playfully resisting tone that she had assumed with her

father. "Something's always happening; and always before our bed-time. One night it's a meeting; the next somebody comes in, or papa must read the paper, or he's tired, or there's an account to be figured up. I know what I mean to do. Where's the 'Farmer's Counsellor,' mamma? I'm going to hide it, and his slippers, too," she added, gaily, as if the plot for papa's discomfort was in the highest degree gratifying. When he came in neither slippers nor newspaper were to be found; and the boys, perceiving what Maedy had done, renewed their attack upon him. In the midst of the clamor they were called to supper, and as papa had been brought to terms, the slippers were produced: the newspaper Maedy withheld, for prudential reasons, till later in the evening. At table, conversation turned, as in those days it was almost certain sooner or later to turn, upon public matters, and Franklin asked, "What has become of those rebels we caught, father, that were going to England?"

“We set them at liberty, and they’re across the water now, making a sensation, and enjoying the hospitality of our enemies abroad.”

“What rebels are they?” asked Roger.

“I know,” said Frank. “They were messengers, going to Europe to get the Confederacy recognized as a new nation; and Captain Wilkes caught them on the way, and brought them to Boston as prisoners of war.”

“Their capture,” said Mr. Warren, “was a matter of rejoicing to our enemies, who supposed that we should thereby be plunged into a war with Great Britain. A great deal was written on both sides about the law of the case. But I never heard that the Captain of the Trent,—the steamer that was carrying Mason and Slidell—was punished, although the Queen’s Proclamation of Neutrality gave due warning to those who should convey officers or dispatches of either party. President Lincoln, however, said, “One war at a time,” and the people

agreed with him; so the rebel ambassadors were set at liberty last December. Slidell went to England, where he has been treated with distinction. I have heard that his companion, Mr. Mason, disliked the North so much that he used to wear a suit of Virginia homespun, as a protest against trading with the Yankees. But the buttons on the suit were made in Connecticut; a fact which ought to have taught him that since not even his garments could be made without Northern help, the States were dependent on each other, and should exist in unity."

"I read an account," said Mrs. Warren, "of a visit Slidell made to the English Parliament. The seat next to him was occupied by a negro, connected with the embassy from Hayti; and I thought the Southern minister must have felt rather 'fidgetty;' for in England, you know, a man is not degraded because of the color of his skin."

"But Slidell's pretended government recognizes slavery as its 'corner-stone,'" added Mrs. Warren; "and one of its prin-

ciples is—‘black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect.’”

“Hum!” exclaimed Roger. “The white man was minister of a ‘bogus’ nation that time, and the black, minister of a real one. Well, by and by, when we win some more victories, I hope our folks ’ll send over the news to Slidell and his friends.”

“Ah, I think they’ve heard some already,” replied Mr. Warren. “The telegraph wires bring us good tidings at last; the more welcome because we’ve waited so long for them. The winter has been, to some extent, a time of misfortune to our armies. They have been forced to lay by in winter quarters; large numbers of men have sickened and died, and our foreign enemies have been active to do us harm. The English, in particular, have missed no occasion to render service to the rebels. They have built and equipped pirate vessels; have sent over large quantities of arms and ammunition, and have evaded their ‘neutrality’ professions by

aiding the Confederate cause in all possible ways. But spite of foes abroad and trouble at home, we are making headway. The three triumphs of February have strengthened heart and hope again. It was a fairweather month for the good ship Union; and her gallant crew, the army and navy, have worked like true men. Now I think of it," he added, "our good fortune began as early as the nineteenth of January, when our boys fought the rebels at Mill Springs, in Kentucky. We won the day, and the rebels lost a famous leader named Zollicoffer."

"Hi!" said Roger. "That's a great name! Jolly cuffer! I guess fighting was the trade of his family!"

"I suppose he was a German," said Frank, laughing at his brother's rendering of the rebel's name.

"No, he was born in Tennessee. He was the terror of southwestern Unionists. I suppose no one 'guerrilla' has ruined so many homes or murdered so many men as he. As he was standing amid a group of

officers, on the battle-field, he was shot by a loyal Kentucky colonel. As soon as his death was known, the cry spread throughout the Southern ranks, 'Zollicoffer is dead! Zollicoffer is dead!' and the men refused to fight, although their force was larger than ours, only five Union regiments being on the field. These troops, commanded by General Thomas, have received an order from the President thanking them for the achievement of the day. Among them were three men whose prowess won for them the name of the 'three young tigers,' so fierce and persistent were their attacks upon the enemy. There were rebels, too, who, it seemed, had not lost all love for their native land. A rebel officer and surgeon, who were brought into camp as prisoners, could not hide their emotion when the band played 'Hail, Columbia,' and confessed that the old Flag was still dear to them. We have had not a few examples of loyal feeling among these misguided people, many of whom were compelled, against their bet-

ter nature, to take up arms for the Confederacy. One of their generals, even,—Tilghman, at Fort Henry—said that ‘It did come hard at first to fight against his country’s flag.’

“Where’s Fort Henry, father?” asked Roger, when supper was ended, and the children had drawn the father’s chair to the fireside.

“In Tennessee. The first success of the triumphal month I spoke of was the surrender of that stronghold on the sixth. Haven’t you heard of it, boys?”

“No, sir,” said Roger. But Frank thought a moment, and said, “Wasn’t that the place taken by Commodore Foote,—the man who prayed for a victory?”

“Yes, that’s the one. You saw the statement, perhaps, of his response to a friend, who asked him if the night before the conflict was not a time of anxiety and gloom. ‘No,’ said the good man. ‘On that night I slept as quietly and prayed as fervently as ever I did in my life.’ I re-

member a story that is told of his going to church one Sunday, in a Western town, when the minister failed to arrive at the hour for service. While the people were waiting, the Commodore, who is a very punctual, precise man, asked one of the elders of the church if he would not open the meeting. But the elder declined. Captain Foote waited a little longer, and then went into the pulpit himself, read a chapter from the Bible, gave out a hymn, and made a fervent prayer, in which he asked the blessing of God upon the audience, the church, and the world, but most especially upon his desolated country. Afterward, the minister still failing to appear, the Commodore gave out a text: 'Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me.' The people listened at first with curiosity, then with emotion. When the sermon was ended, the minister, who it seems had come in soon after it was begun, praised the Commodore for filling his place so ably. But the officer, unheeding the com-

pliment, reproved the man for tardiness and for failure in the discharge of duty. That's our prompt, brave, Christian Commodore! He not only observes the Sabbath, but persuades his men to keep it with him. No strong drink is to be had, and no profanity is heard aboard his gunboats. The men love him, and want to be like him. On the Flag-ship he has a library to which the 'hands' have free access, and there is besides a 'Sacred Place' for reading the Scriptures and for prayer. No wonder its flag is victorious."

"Did they have a great fight to get the Fort?" asked Roger.

"Yes. The rebels were loth to give it up; for that lost, the whole of the Tennessee river was lost also. The fleet steamed up the stream four abreast; the Essex, Carondelet, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, followed by three other gunboats; and sailing close to the shore, on the sixth of February, they opened fire on the Fort,

and battered it ' well-nigh in pieces. You may guess we received some hard knocks, too, for the rebels were amply provided with men and guns. One shot struck the Essex, and crashed into her boiler ; most of the crew were scalded or drowned. Singularly enough the ball struck the ship on the only spot of the bow that was not iron-plated."

" Do iron plates keep out the balls ?" asked Frank.

" Yes. They are generally shot-proof. A hundred and twenty-eight pound shot struck the pilot-house of the Flag-ship—the Cincinnati; but even this tremendous blow failed to break the plating. The Commodore himself was standing near the wall at the time. Our boys worked hard at the guns, ploughing great furrows into the sides of the Fort, knocking over her cannon, and nearly rending the structure in pieces. No one flinched from his duty, while

“Cool and calm,
Trumpet in hand,
Up in the cock-loft
Where 'twas the hottest of all,
Our brave old Commodore
Took his stand
And played his part,
Humming over some old Psalm!”

The conflict was short and sharp ; for after little more than an hour's firing, down came the 'rattlesnake rag,' to the music of our 'water-dog's' huzzas. When the rebel Tilghman delivered up his sword he said he was 'glad to surrender to so gallant an officer.' Foote answered, 'You do perfectly right, sir, in surrendering ; but I should never have surrendered on any condition.' 'Why so ?' asked the Confederate General. 'Because,' said the Commodore, 'I had fully determined to capture the Fort or go to the bottom.' Rather than yield to a traitor he would have suffered his boats to be blown out of the water."

"The rebel infantry," continued Mr. Warren, "numbering about five thousand,

escaped from the Fort before it was taken. Those that remained were held as prisoners, and we took besides a number of guns, and large store of arms, ammunition, and camp equipage. Moreover, Fort Henry is the only important defence of the Tennessee River; the prize, therefore, was worth the struggle. There were many narrow escapes on our side of the fight. One man had the 'U. S.' on the clasp of his belt rubbed out by a bullet, yet he himself escaped without hurt. Another carried two pictures—one of his wife, and one of his mother—in a side pocket. A ball lodged in the inside picture, and was thereby prevented from doing him harm. In another pocket a half dollar was bent double by a shot that inflicted no injury to the owner. One of our boys, having secured a good range of the enemy, was loth to stop firing, and would not consider himself unfit for action till he had received ten wounds, for our men are made of such stuff as can stand the test of fire and cannon-balls. Fighting in our ranks was a lad from Wis-

consin, whose arm was shattered by rebel shot. While the Doctor sawed off the bone, he lay quiet and talked, as if he did not mind the pain. During the operation two shells came plunging into the little hut where he was lying, and the Doctor bore him in his arms to a safer spot, saying pleasantly that 'the place was getting rather hot.' 'You think this hot,' said the boy, 'you'll find it a good deal hotter by and by.' 'I'd like to see that little fellow again,' said the Doctor afterward. 'He is the bravest boy I ever saw.'

I said that the 'Essex' burst her boiler; a score or more of her crew were scalded, and as they were lying on the lower deck of the vessel, news of the triumph was sent them. One poor sufferer, an Illinoisan, got upon his feet, made his way to the upper deck, and gazed at the Fort in front. His dim eyes overflowed, as he lifted them for the last time to the banner waving above it, and drawing the blanket from his body, he swung it above his head with cheers for 'the dear old Flag,' till he fell

fainting to the deck. He was borne back to his hammock, and a few hours later the poor scalded soldier was marching with the hosts of God."

The children could not listen to stories like these without kindling and sometimes moistened eyes. Roger, however, though quickly affected by them, was generally the first to banish any traces of emotion. "What became of the men in the Fort?" he asked. "I suppose the Confederates didn't expect the battle to end exactly in that way. It must have astonished the natives round there to see our fellows walking in after so short a fight."

"If what we hear is true," said Mr. Warren, "the people of that region are the very bitterest of 'secesh,' and we're confident of success for their side. Before the attack was made, a party of Union scouts entered a farm-house in which a number of women had gathered for safety. One of them, alluding to the passage of our gunboats, remarked with some significance of manner, 'They'll all be blown

up before they pass the island.' A scout suspected her immediately of knowing more than she wished to reveal, and began to question further; finally he told her that she must accompany him as prisoner to the Lincoln camp unless she would disclose her secret. At this she was greatly frightened, and confessed, though bewailing her incautious remark, that a line of torpedoes had been laid in the river. Acting on this information, our boys fished them up, but found that they were so poorly made that they could not have injured our boats.

Another party came upon a cabin, in the door-way of which stood a termagant, screaming 'I shan't run, ef th' ole man did. Shoot ef yer want ter. Yer think yer a'goin fur to take the Fort, but yer'll git fooled—thar's a right smart heap o' men up thar.' While she was talking some of our boys came in sight, lugging a 'butternut,' who, it seems, was 'th 'ole man.' 'I tell'd yer, y' oughtener done gone an' took to the bush,' said his gentle

partner. ‘But don’t yer let down an inch,—not ef they shoot yer,—don’t let down an inch!’ and screaming like a hyena, she banged the door in their faces and disappeared.”

This story was interrupted by a hearty laugh at the butternut woman, and Roger thought “t’was a pity they hadn’t taken *her* down an inch or two.”

“You said there were three victories, father,” added Frank. “Where was the next one, after Fort Henry?”

“Only ten or twelve miles from it, at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, a much stronger structure than the other. General Grant had drawn his lines about the rebel defences; but he took them at last simply because he and his army were so stubbornly resolute that they would not give up for any consideration. ‘We came here to take the Fort, and take it we will,’ said one of the Colonels, after a day’s battle, in which our advantage was inconsiderable. His words expressed the spirit of the entire army. Some of them were to

have shared in the taking of Fort Henry, but were delayed on the way by muddy roads."

"Grant!" said Franklin. "He's another man that we never heard of before, that I remember, and now everybody's talking about him."

"It's hardly a year," said Mr. Warren, "since he obtained a commission as Colonel of an Illinois regiment. He had served as captain in the regular army some years before, and soon after his second appearance he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, owing to his success over the rebels in southwestern Missouri; and now Donelson has made him a Major-General, and the hero of the day."

"What happened there?" asked Maedy.

"Oh, it was a long and bitter strife, lasting nearly three days, and ending in a great triumph," replied Mr. Warren. "It's a longer story than I have time to tell to-night. I must write a letter to Daniel before bed-time, and," he added, "since I have given you a half-hour you must let

me have one now for the newspaper." The children demurred a little, but yielded with good grace, after they had won from papa a promise to tell them the story of Donelson next evening.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNION BOYS AT DONELSON.

"FATHER," said Frank, the next time that conversation turned upon the public events of the day, "our teacher mentioned the taking of Donelson this morning, and said he thought it was the severest battle of the war thus far, and that we took more prisoners than had ever been taken before in any one engagement on the continent."

"That's what General Grant says," replied Mr. Warren, "and as for the fighting, we can judge it to have been hard work, since the Fort is surrounded with hills and ridges, bristling with ramparts, and since the greybacks boasted that they could hold the place against a hundred thousand men. But they were mistaken; for we only had thirty-two thousand, or thereabouts. I have read that the rebel soldiers were so exhausted with fatigue

and cold that they would actually fall asleep while standing in line of battle under fire. For three days, beginning on the thirteenth of February, the conflict raged from daylight till dark. Mention is made of a Union battery whose twenty-four pound guns were thundering with scarcely a moment's interruption during four hours. When the ammunition was gone, the Captain tried to get more from the rear; but as he was starting, a ball plunged through three of his horses, another tore away the mounting of his gun, and a third smashed into a gun-carriage. Only one piece fit for use was left, and this, owing to the thick mud, could not be dragged away. Later in the day our men regained the ground, and found all the guns lying as they fell, as they were too heavy for the rebels to remove.

"If a fellow had to stand that sort of firing for three days, I should think he'd be mashed into flinders," said Roger.

"Yet our brave men either stood in their places or fell in them," continued Mr.

Warren. "Those Western troops are in no way behind their Eastern brethren in 'pluck' or 'grit.' Our lines were ranged in the shape of an irregular crescent about the beleaguered height, and followed no regular plan of attack, but charged now here, now there, as the situation required. Regiments which had never been in battle stood steady for long periods under the enemy's fire. Sometimes a column would push its way up to the steep intrenchments, only to find the summit fringed with sharp walls of brush-wood, which could neither be crawled through nor climbed over. Much of the battle-ground, say the accounts, is covered with an undergrowth of oak, whose dead leaves are the color of the rebel uniforms, and in the smoky light of battle, our troops were often in doubt whether the enemy was near or not. The rebels held their positions stubbornly, and often the fight became a hand-to-hand one. Thus throughout the long struggle the tide of the Union army rolled back and forth. The nights

were cold and stormy. No fires could be lighted, for the enemy was too near, and our battle-worn men ate their cold rations and rested as they might, amid the rain and snow. On Saturday, the third day of the battle, the capture of the Fort seemed as remote and difficult as ever; part of our line had been repulsed, and the gunboats, disabled by the river batteries, had been forced to retire. Our good Commodore Foote, too, was wounded. Standing with hand on the pilot's shoulder, he counseled him to 'be calm and firm, for everything,' he said, 'depends upon coolness now.' The words were hardly spoken when a ball plunged into the pilot-house, and killed the pilot. A falling beam wounded the Commodore in the foot.

"Something must be done to check the rebels, or the loyal dead, lying thick on the field, would have fallen in vain, and the steadfast courage of our western heroes would avail nothing. Two regiments of Wallace's Division were sent forward to occupy a hill, from whence a Union brig-

ade had been driven some hours before. On their way they met numbers of men who had suffered in the repulse, and who warned them of the peril, saying, 'You'll never come back from the hill. Our line was cut to pieces up there this morning.' 'It's certain death,' etc. However, they went onward, and when opposed by the rebel bullets, they fell flat to the ground, according to the Zouave practice, loading on their backs, and on their feet only when advancing or returning fire. Their tactics perplexed the enemy; he began to give way. 'On, men, on! Forward, Zouaves!' cried the officers, and with a cheer and a rush forward the men cleared the hill, and drove the greybacks to their intrenchments. Once inside, they raked the charging column with a heavy fire. 'Here come those cursed Zouaves,' said a rebel who recognized them. 'Fire low, boys, if you want to do any good.' But the Zouaves were not to be driven back. A halt was made on the brow of the hill at dusk, and the men waited

till morning, when, with the aid of artillery, they were confident of taking the intrenchments. Meanwhile, another charge was being made further along the line by General Smith with his Hawkeyes, Indianamen, and Missourians. When the order was brought, 'tis said the General's eyes shone, for his spirit had been kindled by the repulse of our columns. 'I'll do it,' he exclaimed. 'Tell General Grant I'll do it.' This Smith is said to be a most gallant soldier. He requires nothing of his men that he is not willing to do or bear himself. He is too proud even to 'dodge' a ball, and he received a serious wound in this battle, owing to his boldness at the front. While other men bowed their heads before the rushing bullets, the General rode swift and erect, calling to his troops, 'Charge bayonets! Forward! Doublequick, March!' They answered with exultant cheers as their leader, waving his hat on the point of his sword, pressed toward the hostile guns. The column was 'stormed at with shot and shell,'

but closed shoulder to shoulder as one man after another dropped by the way. They scaled the ramparts, and it is said our General rode his horse to the top of them. One volley was sent crashing inside, and then with fixed bayonets these ardent Western boys struck into the mass of rebels. The soldiers who had been driven back in the morning, now returned, re-took the lost ground, and poured their fire also into the enemy's lines. The grey-backs fled, as well they might, and looking back in their flight, they saw the stars of our Flag gleaming over the ramparts of Donelson!"

"And that's the way the Fort was taken?" cried Franklin. "Good for the Boys in Blue!"

"Tell us some more, please," asked little Maedy, listening with eager eyes and parted lips. "What came next?"

"Then came the night-fall. The lines were drawn close about the Fort, and every man was commanded to be at his post in readiness for an attack with the

bayonet next morning. How long the grim determination of our boys would have kept them battering down these ramparts we cannot tell, for at daybreak Sunday morning, February sixteenth, a messenger appeared from the rebel general, Buckner, who proposed to consult on terms of surrender, and suggested an armistice,—that is a pause in the battle,—till noon. Grant replied,—let me see,—I must tell you his very words,” said Mr. Warren, searching his pocket-book. “It’s a famous dispatch. Ah, this is it.

“‘No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted!’ That means you must give up the Fort without any words, and right away. ‘I propose to move immediately upon your works.’ The rebel grumbled, but ‘owing to the distribution of forces’ under his command, which must mean the scampering off of Pillow and Floyd Saturday night, with their brigades of five thousand,—you remember, boys, Floyd is not only a thief, but a runagate—light-footed as well as light-fingered—the

commander was forced to yield to the stern man waiting outside the walls. After the surrender, one of the rebels shot a Union major in the back, and wounded him severely; whereupon Grant ordered them all to be instantly disarmed. Buckner grumbled again, saying that the order was 'unchivalrous,' and I know not what else. They say that our General is no talker; but anger made him eloquent for once, and the result was the longest speech probably, that he has ever made. He reminded the rebel of his *unconditional* surrender—a fact that he had apparently forgotten,—and drew a striking contrast between the 'chivalry' of the two armies; the Confederates stripping our dead, and otherwise insulting them, crowding officers and privates into cotton-pens and prisons, while the prisoners we took enjoyed their parole, and their wounded received the same care as our own. 'I disarm you, because I must protect my officers from assassination,' he said in conclusion. The

brazen-mouthed traitor was silenced, and hung his head for shame.

“The rebel prisoners were an army of themselves,—nearly ten thousand men,—among them Buckner, Brig.-General Johnson, and other officers. Beside these, vast quantities of treasure fell into our hands; forty pieces of artillery, ammunition, supplies, mules, military stores, etc. More than two thousand Union men, and fully that number of rebels were wounded or slain.”

“I have read of an Illinois Colonel, engaged in the battle at Donelson,” said Mrs. Warren, who had listened to the story. “He was shot in both thighs, and on being taken to the rear, wanted to have his wound dressed without delay. He was afraid his men would hear of his injury, and hoped he could go back immediately and deal out ammunition to them. ‘No,’ said the surgeon, ‘you must go to the hospital.’ ‘But I fired twenty-two rounds after I was hit,’ said the brave fellow, ‘and after you dress my wound I can fire

as many more.' He plead so earnestly that the surgeon let him have his way, and he dealt out cartridges till night-fall. Afterward, as he had leisure, he would visit the surgeon and get his wound dressed."

"Illinois men upheld the honor of their State in the battle at Donelson," said Mr. Warren. "They were foremost in the attack, and won a glorious name by their gallant behavior. Another Illinois officer, who was struck in the shoulder by a Minnie ball, had his wound bound up and remained with his command the rest of the day. A corporal of the same regiment seized the flag when the color sergeant fell dead, and bore it steadily onward. When he brought it off the field it was riddled with bullets. An Illinois private had his arm paralyzed by a shot. He, too, went to the rear, had the wound dressed, and returned to his post. Soon after another shot crushed his thigh, and felled him to the ground. Some comrades came to help him, but he was loth for them to leave their work, and say-

ing simply, 'I guess I can manage to get back,' he limped to the rear, using his gun for a crutch. When the wound was dressed he again returned, and stood faithfully in his place, till in the heat of the fight he was overwhelmed by a tempest of balls, and the faithful soldier was 'mustered out' by death. Another Illinoisan was shot in the breast, and was sent to a hospital in Cincinnati. He talked constantly of his mother, as life ebbed away, and begged the nurse to send some letters in his knapsack, that he had written her. The brave heart is nearly always the loving heart. In reading these stories of our soldiers, I have been touched by this fact; that those whose courage has been highest in danger have shown, in the hour of pain and death, the tenderest affection for some absent wife, or mother, or sister. The nurse promised to send the letters. 'You die in a glorious cause,' she added. 'You are dying for your country.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I am proud to die for my country.' Still another Illinois private, a Chris-

tian hero, lay bleeding on the field. The surgeon came, looked at his wound, and said, 'He is near his end.' 'Is it so?' asked the soldier. 'Yes, it is indeed so.' The dying man lifted himself slowly, and exclaimed, 'Now, boys, let us give three cheers for the old Flag.' They cheered with him, though I think there must have been some trembling of voices. 'Boys, will one of you kneel and pray?' asked the soldier. And while a comrade prayed beside him, the heroic young spirit fled to its resting place."

"Father," said Frank, "our history lessons in school tell of warriors in the ancient times—the old Greeks and Romans; and I thought they were the greatest of all heroes. But I believe our Union soldiers are as brave and noble as ever lived in the world; don't you?"

"I do, indeed."

"What else do you know of the men at Donelson, father?" asked Roger.

"I have heard of an Iowa man, who was found with a foot almost shot off; it

hung dangling, as his comrades bore him to a safer place. 'Tie his stocking round the limb,' called the captain, 'and put snow on the wound.' 'Never mind the foot, captain,' answered the man, lifting his head, with a smile in his eyes, "We drove them out and got the trench; and I don't care at all for the hurt!"

"There was an orderly sergeant who saw his captain imperilled by a rebel shot; he threw himself between the two foes and received the ball in his own breast. The officer, it seems, was a dear friend of the sergeant, and his life was saved by the self-sacrifice of this nameless but noble man. One fellow lost an arm. Soon after the surrender he was seen on board of a transport holding three chickens in his remaining hand. The steward asked him if he'd like to sell them. He looked at the chickens a moment, and replied, 'Well, no, I guess not. I had so much trouble in catching the plaguy things I believe I'll eat 'em myself,' and he disappeared with his prisoners."

The children laughed at this story, and begged for another. Mr. Warren thought a moment, and then continued :

“ After the battle an officer found a boy, not more than fifteen years old, dressed in uniform, and surveying with considerable pride the body of a huge Confederate near him. ‘ Do you see that big secesh?’ he said. ‘ I drew the bead that fetched him. He was a color-bearer, and when he saw me he called out ‘ cussed abolitionist,’ and told me to ‘ come out of there.’ So I came, but he didn’t talk that way any more to *me*.’ Perhaps this boy was the comrade of another lad who was found among the troops before the engagement, and when questioned by an officer, replied that his father was a prisoner of the rebels, and that he wanted to fight them. He could not be kept away from the field. While on it he picked up a musket and posted himself behind a tree, from whence he fired as often as a head appeared in sight. The rebels did their best to pick him off; but once, when one of them took

aim at him, the little soldier gave him an instantaneous salute, and down went Mr. Rebel. The boy then sallied out in the iron hail-storm, picked up his enemy's rifle and cartridges, made haste back to his wooden breastwork and fired away till nightfall. When he came back to camp, officers and men greeted him with cheers for his brave conduct."

"He *was* a cool one, though!" exclaimed Roger. "He must have known how to handle a gun before. They ought to have put him along with the sharpshooters."

"There was splendid sharpshooting on both sides, say the accounts of the battle. One of our regiments, Burgess' Sharpshooters, was particularly serviceable. The men scattered over the field, hiding behind stumps, gliding through the woods, shooting from the best places they could find. They are such accurate shots that they can bring down a squirrel from the highest tree-tops. Their dress is a gray uniform, with caps of the same color, ornamented with two squirrel tails dyed black, one be-

fore, and one behind. After firing they whirl over on their backs, load up, and whirl to their feet again. One of them paid special attention to a single gun. As fast as the gunners appeared beside it he picked them off, and after the Johnnies had tried in vain to dislodge him they abandoned the gun, since it was certain death to man it. His case was presented to General Grant for honorable mention."

"Well, if they must kill each other," exclaimed Maedy, "I'm glad our Union soldiers can shoot so well. What else, papa?"

"What! haven't you heard enough for one night, little one?" said Mr. Warren. "I've told you many stories, and if we could only see the army that fought at Donelson, I suppose every man in it could tell us another."

"I wish we could," exclaimed Roger. "When Horace and Daniel come home, won't we have a good time hearing stories, though! But can't you tell us some more? Just two or three, father."

“Well,” said the father, “I cut some slips for Frank’s book the other day. We’ll read them.” And he brought out a roll of newspaper cuttings from the secretary. “Here’s the story of Frankie Bragg. He belonged to the sharpshooters, though he was a mere boy. He was wounded and taken to a hospital, where a lady wrote this account of him :

“When asked why he joined the army, he answered, ‘Because I was so young and strong, and because life would be worth nothing to me, unless I offered it to my country.’ He was a beautiful boy, and I shall never forget the earnest look of his blue eyes as I stroked the curls from his brow. All the soldier was gone now ; courage, ardor, the excitement of battle, had given place to one great yearning for love. ‘Oh, I am going to die,’ he said, ‘and there is no one to love me. If my sisters were only here, but I have no friends near me, and it’s so hard.’ We tried to comfort him, saying that we were his friends, and talking of the good Father

who loves us all, and who would surely help him. His face lighted with an earnest hope as he listened, and said at the end, 'Oh, do you think he will?' Then he spoke of his mother, and his early training. 'I have always said my prayers every day, and have tried not to be bad. Do you think God heard me?' he asked. 'I know he heard you,' I replied, and talked as soothingly as I knew how to the little sufferer. 'I am not afraid to die,' he said at last, but, with the old longing, 'if I had some one to love me!' 'Frankie, I love you, my poor child! You shall not be left alone. I will stay with you as long as you wish. Is not this some comfort to you?' I said, kissing the white forehead as if it were that of my own boy. He smiled peacefully amid his pain, and said, 'Oh kiss me again,—that was like my sister. Mrs. S., won't you kiss me, too? It's so long since——. It won't be so hard to die if you will both love me.' And so, with the help of two stranger but sympathising hearts, this brave, simple soldier

boy lay undismayed in the grasp of death, his eyes fixed on mine with entire composure to the last moment. So he offered his life for his country, and rests on the banks of the beautiful Ohio." "The innocent child has found ere this the love that passeth knowledge," said the father with moistened eyes, laying down the slip.

"In another hospital lay a blue-eyed lad, only nineteen years old, swathed in bandages that bound his limbs tightly to his body. But his face wore a smile, and never a murmur escaped his patient lips; after five weeks' anguish, he had been turned the first time, on the day that a lady visitor was passing through the hospital. 'How long did you lie on the field?' she asked. 'Two days and a night,' he answered, 'and then I was chopped out, for my feet were frozen.' 'But why did they leave you so long?' asked the lady, her eyes overflowing at the thought of what he had suffered. 'Oh, they couldn't stop for us, you see, *because they had to take the Fort.* And when they did take it, we for-



got our pain, and all over the field, cheers went up from the wounded and dying. Some of the voices were very weak, and some men had only one arm to swing,—but we all cheered.’ ‘Did you suffer much?’ asked the lady. His brow contracted, and the smile fled from his face. ‘I don’t like to think of that; but never mind, I’m going back to have another chance at them. Some things I can’t forget,’ he added: ‘Jem and I,’—nodding at the boy in the next cot, ‘have been together from the start; we saw fearful sights that day; we saw wounded men stripped of their cloths. The villains came to us, and cut off ours, when every movement was torture. Those that resisted were pinned to the earth with a bayonet, and left to die by inches, writhing like worms; I can’t forget these crimes against my dead comrades, and I’m going back to the front just as quick as I can get up.’ The lady expressed some surprise at his cheerful spirit. But he said ‘we don’t feel like complaining; we went in for better or

worse, and if we get the worse, it's no more than we bargained for.'"

"Here is one more," he added, "about a noble young Captain, named Mendill. At Fort Henry a tree had fallen upon his tent in the night, and injured his back severely. The doctor pronounced him unfit for service, but Mendill's spirit was superior to his pain. He determined to go to the battle at Donelson, and marched thither limping on a crutch, leading his company. During the night before the attack, he tried every means in his power to soothe the hurt, so that he could go into action without a crutch; and in the morning he declared that he felt 'like going on the double-quick all day.' He had not been long on the field when he was ordered to lead his men in an onset against the rebel lines, and drawing his sword, bound to his neck because of his lameness, he cried exultingly, 'Come on my boys,'—and fell, with the smile of triumph on his lips. All honor to the young hero and his

comrades who perished at Donelson for the deliverance of their country!"

"Now, over in Europe they've said that Americans can't fight, haven't they?" said Franklin, with flushed cheeks. "If ever I go there, I mean to tell them, among other things, about Mendill who limped to the battle field on a crutch."

"And if I ever go," added Roger, "I'll tell them of Ellsworth and Winthrop, and Greble, and Baker, and ——"

"And Lyon," suggested Maedy, not willing to know less than the others concerning her country's valiant men, "and White."

"Yes, indeed," continued Frank, with growing animation, "and if they should think these officers braver than the rest of the army, I'll take my scrap-book and read them the stories about the common soldiers."

"Even the boys here fight for the Union," added Mr. Warren. "Children have already set us examples of bravery on the field, as well as of willing toil at home for the soldiers."

“Yes, the boys at Donelson,” said Maedy, “and who else, papa? Are there any others?”

“Haven’t you heard of Albert Manson, for one?”

“Oh yes,” cried Franklin. “I read that account the other day. Wasn’t it splendid?—and sad, too. He was with Burnside down South somewhere. Won’t you tell us about that part of the war, please?”

“That comes next—the expedition to Roanoke. We’ll have that by and by.”

“But what about Albert Manson?” asked Roger. “If you’ve read the story, tell it to us, Frank.”

“Well, he was a little drummer-boy from Marblehead,” began Frank. “He begged so hard to go to the war, that finally his father said yes, and joined a regiment with him, so that they could be together. They were in a battle,—you know about that, father, better than I do; but the man was shot, while the boy was fighting at his side, with a musket he had picked up on the field. One of our officers

saw him, and pointed him out to a friend. 'No wonder we conquer,' he said, 'when boys fight like that.' The rebels began to waver, and the little fellow exclaimed, 'Didn't I say they should run to the old tunes?' and then he beat Yankee Doodle, with a broken pistol for a drum stick. One of the rebels heard it and took aim at him. A Union soldier tried to save the little drummer, but he stood his ground, beating the tune while the rebel troops fled. The ball had struck him, though, and he fell at last. A Colonel lifted him in his arms, and his lips moved. 'What is it, Albert?' said the officer. 'Which beat—quick—tell me?' asked the boy. Some of the soldiers near by could not keep back the tears, and one of them leaned down and said, 'We, Albert—the field is ours.' He couldn't quite understand, because he was dying; so he asked again, 'What? Tell quick.' Then a big Irishman, with tears rolling down his face, said, 'We beat 'em intirely, me boy.' He understood then, and asked, 'Why don't

you go after them? Don't mind me; I'm a little cold; but running will warm me.' But he grew colder and colder, and never spoke again."

The children's faces were flushed and grave. Roger looked hard into the fire with eyes that opened and shut quickly, as if something were in them. After a moment's silence he turned suddenly, and said, 'Get a string, Maedy, and let's have a cat's-cradle. We don't want to hear any more of the war to-night, I guess.'

"But, father, you were going to tell us about Roanoke," said Franklin.

"Ah," said Mr. Warren, "that was a famous victory. But, bless me, children, it's after eight o'clock, almost your bedtime. We must leave Roanoke and General Burnside till another day. Nelly," he said, turning to Aunt Ellen, "can't you find us some apples?"

"I can," said Roger, jumping up, and he disappeared at the cellar stairs, with Frank behind carrying the lamp.

The apples were brought, and a dish of

shagbarks with them; and soon the little circle around the Franklin stove was as blithe and gay as if no war were raging in the land with its ghastly battlefields and mournful, but heroic tales.

CHAPTER III.

* ROANOKE, FEB. 8TH,"—" NEWBERN, MARCH 14TH."

It happened that next day Mr. Warren was called from home on business, and the children failed to hear their promised story. One afternoon when school was 'out,' and the lessons put by, Maedy and the boys complained to Aunt Ellen that there was "nothing to do." Without, the March winds were blustering, and the clouds hung cold and gray; it was not the weather for out-door-sport.

"I could give you plenty of work," said Aunt Ellen, who was busy knitting a soldier's mitten, "only I don't believe you'd want to do it."

"Well, what is it?" asked Roger.

"Oh, you and Frank could run up to the barn and cut some feed, or into the shed and split pine wood for kindling. The

side of the wheelbarrow needs a new stave, you know, and there's Maedy's hemming that she began last week not yet done."

"Well, I'll finish that," said Maedy, drawing up her little chair, "if you want me to. And while I am sewing, you tell me a story, will you, aunty, please?"

"Oh yes, aunt Ellen," chimed in the boys. "One that'll suit Maedy and us too," added Roger. "If you will, we'll see to the wood and other things afterward; won't we, Frank?"

"Ah!" said Aunt Ellen pleasantly, "I thought you wanted something to do so much; and now I must bargain with you to have it done."

"Well, it's no trouble for you to tell stories," replied Roger, "but splitting wood is awfully hard work. It always gives me the rheumatis," he added with a comical grimace.

"Aunt Ellen, don't you know about the taking of Roanoke?" asked Frank. "Father was going to tell us of that victory, but

'twas too late the other night. When did it happen?"

"On the seventh of February. Roanoke is an island off the coast of North Carolina, and was considered by the rebels to be the military key, not only to the State but to all that part of the South. An expedition was sent out there by our Government, commanded by General Burnside, and with him were three other Generals, Foster, Reno, and Parke, with an army of fifteen thousand men. They set sail in a fleet of a hundred and twenty-five vessels, some of them gunboats, and others transports. Think what a grand procession they must have made sailing out of Hampton Roads!"

"But if a storm came up they might knock into each other, in such a crowd of them," said Roger.

"A storm did overtake them; but once out to sea, the vessels of a fleet scatter, so as to have plenty of room," said Aunt Ellen. "One of the steamers, the City of New York, was wrecked, and the storm was so furious that none of the others could go to

her relief. The crew lashed themselves to the rigging, where they staid for a day and two nights, most of the time without food. The poor fellows were finally saved by some men from another ship, who launched the only small boat they had and went to the rescue."

"When at last the Island was reached," continued Aunt Ellen, "the channel was found to be obstructed, the nights were chilly and rainy, and the men had no tents nor blankets. The forts looked impregnable, and near them was a great swamp. The rebels had declared that 'none but devils could ever pass through it.' But the 'universal Yankee,' as he is styled, 'managed' to overcome these difficulties, and when the enemy in one of the forts saw our boys close to the walls, after wading up to their waists in the swamp, they were appalled, dropped their muskets, and fled in dismay. At another point, after several unsuccessful efforts had been made, General Foster proposed to carry the works by assault. But before they

could be reached a narrow causeway must be traversed, in face of the rebel guns. While the General was examining the ground, a gallant officer, Colonel Hawkins, offered his Zouaves, the New York Ninth, for the storming party. 'You are the man,' said the General, 'the Ninth the regiment, and this the moment.' They went onward, shouting their cry, 'Zou! zou!' as they passed over the perilous road, and swarmed upon the intrenchments. So, by determination and by courage, our Union boys overcome. The rebels made no further resistance, but surrendered the Island with about twenty-five hundred men. The Flag of the Union waves again over Roanoke, and the three forts are rechristened with the names of Foster, Parke and Reno."

"I cut out a story of the battle for your scrap-book, Frank," added Aunt Ellen, searching in her work-basket. Here it is. 'A New Jersey private had both legs shattered by canister-shot. While he was in the surgeon's care, and just waking from

the sleep induced by chloroform, he heard the cheering of our victorious troops. Raising himself on his arm, and forgetting his misfortune, forgetting everything but the joy of the moment, he waved his cap aloft and joined in the cheers, adding a 'tiger' for 'the Union, now and forever.'

"He was a real Jersey Blue!" exclaimed Roger.

"Here's another incident," added Aunt Ellen. "A sergeant was dying of typhoid fever, on board one of the gun-boats, when late in the evening a boat put off from shore with the news of our victory. The soldier looked at the chaplain who sat beside him and asked, 'Is our side winning?' 'It has won,' was the reply; 'the Island is ours.' 'Thank God', murmured the sick man, who, it would seem, had been waiting only for this assurance. He composed himself as if for sleep, and died a few moments afterward.

"Sometimes," she continued, a shell from the Island would plunge among the vessels lying off the shore. One shell struck a

gun-boat, and fired her powder magazine. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Franklin, ordered the men to quench the flames, but seeing that they hesitated, he seized the hose himself and stopped the fire before it reached the powder. In another vessel the same accident happened from the bursting of a gun, and the acting master sprang into the magazine and subdued the flames."

"Now they were brave men," exclaimed Franklin. "I suppose when a fellow once gets into a regular battle, he grows excited with the racket and whirl, and if only *his* side wins, he doesn't care for anything else. It must be something like going in swimming; the first plunge makes you shiver, but after that all you think of is to push ahead. But to walk up to burning gun powder and put the fire out,—I don't believe I'd have the 'pluck' for that, I should be paddling off from the ship before I knew it."

"Oh," said Aunt Ellen smiling, "we can never know how strong we are until a trial

comes to prove us. I can tell you of a sailor who did a wonderfully courageous deed; but if he had been asked to do it beforehand, he might have hesitated."

"What was it? who did it?" asked the boys.

"I'll tell you. After the surrender of Roanoke some of our sailors went in pursuit of the rebel gun-boats; for they had escaped across Albemarle Sound to the neighborhood of Elizabeth City. Our boys dashed in among them, boarded their decks and 'charged' in sailor fashion; the result was a few minutes sharp fighting, and the capture or destruction of the rebel boats. John Davies, a Union sailor, was on duty, dealing out powder, when a piece of burning shell fell close beside him. He instantly threw himself upon the powder-barrel, and sheltered it thus, at the risk of being blown in pieces, till the flames were extinguished."

"Why, an Admiral himself couldn't have been braver!" exclaimed Frank. "He ought to have had a reward for that."

“His name was reported at headquarters, and ‘honorable mention’ is a coveted reward with our soldiers and sailors. He was also promoted.”

“Father said we had three victories in February,” said Roger. “There was Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Roanoke. Those are the ones, I suppose.”

“And a little later Burnside won another, said Aunt Ellen. “His banners bear two inscriptions: ‘Roanoke, Feb. 8th’, and ‘Newbern, March 14th.’”

“Newbern, North Carolina,” added Roger. “It’s in the Geography.”

“A garrison was left on the island, and the rest of the force embarked for further conquest on the mainland. The struggle at Newbern lasted four hours, and, like the other, was hardly contested. At one time the rebels attacked us with such effect that, it is said, an officer rode up to Burnside and asked if he should order a retreat.”

“‘Yes,’ replied the General, with emphasis. ‘Retreat straight into the ranks of the enemy. That’s the only movement

that'll do any good.' As a result of this order, a Rhode Island regiment soon had a flag planted on one intrenchment, a Massachusetts regiment had possession of another further along the line, and these opened the way for a whole brigade. They pushed on through the deserted rebel camp into the city ; and five hundred prisoners, sixty-nine cannon, and other military property were among the trophies of victory."

"Burnside was right," added Mrs. Warren, when Aunt Ellen had ended her story. "He was not born to mend old clothes. When he was a poor apprentice, a gentleman entered the tailor's shop in which he sat at work, and while waiting a few minutes, began to talk with the boy, who had an open school-book lying beside him on the bench. He said the great wish of his life was to go to West Point and acquire a military education. The gentleman smiled at his ambitious hopes, and asked what made him incline to such a career. 'Because I think I was born for something

better than mending old clothes,' answered the boy. The stranger was pleased at the boy's intelligence, and as he was a Member of Congress, he succeeded in obtaining the coveted position for the young tailor-boy, who is now the commander of expeditions and of victorious armies."

"Well, the Union army has been enjoying itself lately," said Roger, "and the *grey-backs* must be getting *blue* in the face. Our boys put me in mind of an old judge I've heard of, who was in court one day listening to a lawyer—one of the lofty kind, that can talk without stopping. Says the lawyer, 'What would your honor do if'—well, I can't remember all he said, but among other things, 'if one of our noble States should shoot madly from its sphere,' and so on,—you know how glib they are,—and the old judge says 'What would I *dew*? I'd *shute* it back again, I would.' I guess our soldiers are doing it pretty fast, don't you, Aunt Ellen?"

"The lines are drawing very closely about the pretended Confederacy," she

replied. "The two Forts in Tennessee, the two strongholds in North Carolina, and the advancing armies of the East and the West, give proof that we are 'marching on.' The South is exposed on all sides to our confronting forces, and any one of a dozen Southern cities is liable to be brought back to the Union whenever the order is given to attack it. Our soldiers fight like men who are defending, not the Government only, but all that pertains to the country, even to their children and fire-sides."

"It is as if, whenever they go out to battle, they heard us calling from all the cities and villages of the land, the words the poet sang :

"Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant with our fears
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOUTHERN ALLIGATOR AND THE NORTHERN TURTLE.

ONE day Roger was looking at a 'picture paper,' whose weekly arrival gave the children a store of entertainment. One of the illustrations in particular arrested his attention. "See here, Frank," he exclaimed, "what a queer looking thing for a boat; no ropes, nor masts, nor sailors either, that I can see; and the water almost covers her. How do you suppose she goes?"

"I don't know," said Frank, looking at the picture, "unless there's a steam-engine inside that round thing. 'The Monitor ready for action,' he continued, reading the title. "It looks more like the little five cent toy-boats we buy at the candy shop, than like a real vessel."

The boys looked over the description given in the paper of the odd-looking

craft, and learned that she was built for warlike uses ; allusions was also made to the great service she had already performed. Later, when the father came in, they showed him the picture.

“ So that is the famous little Monitor,” he said, examining it with interest. “ The most wonderful invention of this century I take it, if we consider the time and circumstances of its appearance.”

“ The paper says she’s an iron-clad,” said Frank. “ But how can she float, all covered over with iron ? And see the ‘ turret,’ as the paper calls it. How can they make it go round with the heavy guns inside ?”

“ Mr. Ericsson, the inventor, could explain these points better than I can, for he not only made the design, but directed the building of the boat ; and she was not completed a day too soon ; for just when our wooden ships were threatened with utter destruction, this staunch little craft, their protector, was sent forth to save them.”

“Why were our ships in such danger?” asked Frank.

“Because the rebels at Norfolk had prepared a great iron-clad ‘ram,’ called the Virginia, which no shot nor shell could injure, but which, with its ten heavy guns, and its iron beak, was powerful enough to destroy any number of wooden men-of-war. You remember we had a navy-yard at Norfolk, and this monster was made of the hull of the Merrimac, one of our steam frigates; and refashioned and commanded by men who had been in our naval service. They covered it with a sloping roof made of railroad iron, and this was all that was visible of the ram above the water’s edge. Inside were the sailors and the guns with their mouths at the port-holes. On the 8th of March she was loosed from her moorings and steamed down Hampton Roads. The broadsides of our fleet made no impression on her impenetrable iron roof. Without regarding them she made straight for our splendid steam-frigate Cumberland, and crushed her iron

beak into the ship's side. Then, as she drew back, leaving a great chasm into which the water rushed, she opened her guns on the Cumberland's deck. The first shot killed five marines, and in a moment the deck was strewn with dead bodies."

"'Will you surrender?' called the traitor who commanded the Ram. 'Never will I surrender,' answered Col. Morris, our commander. His guns replied steadily, but without the least effect. One gunner had both legs shot away, but made three steps on his bleeding thighs, seized the lanyard and fired once more before he dropped and died. The vessel was now sinking and on fire; yet the hands worked away at the guns; every man was at his post, and the flag still flew at the peak. While the ship was sinking, amid the smoke and flame of battle, the decks slippery with blood, the air black with smoke and hot with hissing shells, the ship's crew cheered aloud for the Flag and the Union. 'Shall we give them a broadside as she goes?' called the Com-

mander, 'Aye, aye!' responded the men, and flash! crash! went the great guns,—the farewell salute of the Cumberland to her foe. Two men serving the bow-guns clasped their arms about the pieces and sank with them, when with a great surge the ship went down, her colors still flying above the waters."

"Oh, Father!" exclaimed little Maedy, "that was dreadful. Could nobody save the men from being drowned?"

"No," said Mr. Warren, from the outset it must have been evident that the defence was hopeless; yet there was no flinching from the doom—not a thought of surrender. No battle was ever fought more heroically than that, my children. More than a hundred men gave up their lives in a struggle that was sure to end in defeat; but they strove for what is above victory—their own honor and their country's glory. Their loss is mournful, but not useless; for such deaths make heroes of those who remain. The crew of the Cumberland has passed

into history, and their country will honor and cherish them forever."

"But I thought," said Roger, that the end would be different. I thought that the Monitor was going to appear and save the ship."

"No," answered Mr. Warren. "She sank before deliverance came, though it was at hand. The ram had not finished its evil work. It fell next upon the 'Congress,' and when her guns were disabled, her commander and half her crew killed, and the ship on fire, her flag was lowered. It disabled the Minnesota, the Roanoke, the St. Lawrence, and two other steamers; and all this was the work of one afternoon."

"Was every one drowned on the Cumberland?" asked Frank.

"No; some of the men kept afloat and were picked up by small boats. In New York, the other day, a great meeting of welcome was held for these men and their comrades of the fleet. Some of them told the story of the battle, while the audience cheered and wept. They spoke

of the anxious night after the contest when the crews were expecting the dreaded Virginia to return with the morning. But shortly afterward a messenger of deliverance appeared in the shape of a little black craft that looked more like 'a cheese-box on a raft,' than anything else. It was Ericsson's Monitor, and was welcomed by our sailors with shouts of thanksgiving. She had but lately reached Fortress Monroe, on her trial trip ; but hearing there of the disaster to our fleet, she hastened onward to the rescue. When the great Virginia, huge and dark, like an alligator, came slowly down to rend our ships in twain, our little boat ran between the monster and her prey, and defied her with a discharge from the guns. Then took place the strangest naval fight, I think, that was ever seen. 'Never before was anything like it dreamed of,' said one of the sea captains who beheld it. As the ponderous balls struck her, the Monitor spun round like a top ; but so snugly was she wrapped in her iron cloak that neither they nor the

blows of the ram could do her harm. The attack of the Merrimac proving of no effect whatever, she finally withdrew, leaking and partially disabled, to the mouth of the river. The Monitor lies in wait for her, near by. Meanwhile, we hear nothing of the intended exploits of the famous Southern Alligator. It has been vanquished by our Yankee Turtle."

"Wasn't it strange, though," said Roger, that she should come out just in time to fight the rebel ram? I should think that round part," he added, pointing to the picture, "'the cheese-box,' as you called it, might break or crack if a heavy shot struck it."

"No," said Mr. Warren. "That's the revolving turret, and the heaviest broadside of the Virginia failed to injure it. We owe this invention to a young New Yorker, named Theodore Timbey. He made the design and obtained a patent for it some years ago; Captain Ericsson added some improvements of his own, when he applied

it to his Monitor, and now it carries the heaviest guns ever used on a vessel."

"I must have something about this wonderful sea-fight for my scrap book," said Frank ; and soon after he was diligently searching through the papers and magazines for accounts of it. Among them he found these stories :

"When the venerable Commodore Smith, father of the Commander of the Congress, learned of the surrender of the frigate, he simply said, 'My son is dead ;' for he knew that he would never have consented to give it up. He would have chosen rather to go down with the vessel. He was right. The Flag was not struck till after the Commodore had fallen. The vessel was totally destroyed by fire on the same day."

"On board the Cumberland, when all hope of saving the ship was gone, Lieutenant Morris bade a little negro boy take his sword ; "For," said he, 'I must work with my men, till the last.' 'The boy kept his trust with all care, and when, after the wreck, a boat-load of rescued men paused to search for their comrades, they found the boy 'fathoms deep in the sea—still grasping his master's sword.' He would suffer none to take it from his hands till the Commander himself came and received it. The poor black boy had discovered in some undefined way, that this struggle in defence of the Union had something to do with freedom, and

was not without its significance for him and his people."

" 'The last thing I saw.' said one of the rescued sailors, 'was our flag floating aloft. When I came to, I couldn't speak no more'n if I'd been born dumb. My mess-mate, he knew what I wanted, I reckon, for he turned me over to leeward, and there, just above the water's edge, was the old flag, flying at the topmast, and, thinks I, ' You hearties that went down in the old ship, you wouldn't care about any finer monument than that, I know.' "

CHAPTER V.

THE GOOD WORK FOR THE SOLDIERS.

“WHAT a pile of red flannel !” exclaimed Maedy, as she sat down by Aunt Ellen one afternoon, to do her daily allotment of sewing. “Is all that for the soldiers? Let me make one shirt, will you, Aunty, if I’ll take pains with the sewing?”

“Yes, indeed, or you shall help in putting the buttons on, if you wish. I’m preparing the shirts, you see, for the sewing machine ; and I want to have them all done before the next meeting of our Society. For we’re making up a box to send to the Sanitary Commission.”

“That’s just what the girls in school are working for, too ; and you don’t know what a pile of things we ‘Gleaners’ have already ; lint, bandages, handkerchiefs, carpet slippers, and other things,—all for

the Sanitary Commission. *Where* is it, Aunt? The soldiers get the things I know; but what does that long name mean?"

"The Sanitary Commission is a great Society."

"Yes," interposed Frank, "and it takes care of the soldiers in the camps and hospitals, and wherever they go. I guess everybody that's for the Union belongs to it, for all over the country people are working for it."

"But at first," said Aunt Ellen, "it consisted of a few benevolent doctors and other gentlemen who interested themselves, in the health and comfort of our soldiers. 'Sanitary' means pertaining or favorable to health; and as these gentlemen received a commission from the President in June, not quite a year ago, permitting them to proceed with their work, the Society naturally enough took this name. It has grown with the growth of the army, and now there is scarcely a want of our boys in the field that it cannot supply."

“But the President, or somebody else, takes care of the soldiers, too,” said Frank. “Daniel told us of the hospital wagons that go with the train when the men are on the march.”

“Yes; the Government provides liberally, even bountifully, for the wants of the army. But it cannot always provide for emergencies, not even when help is most urgently needed. Suppose, for instance, a soldier is wounded in battle. He has been out perhaps on a long march; much of his clothing was left by the way, because if the weather was warm, or the march wearisome, he was unable to carry it so far. Often a man’s overcoat, blanket, knapsack, everything but the clothes he wears and his gun, are dropped one after another. When he is carried from the field, he has no change of clothing ready, nor can he get them from the army supplies; they have no bed nor sheets, nor any of the comforts necessary to a sick man, unless it be a little broth in place of the usual ‘hard tack.’ But the Agent of the Sani-

tary Commission has a tent near the field full of good things provided by the families and friends of soldiers here in the North. Perhaps the doctor says, 'I shall be obliged to take off this man's arm; afterward he will want plenty of clean bandages, and must be fed on chicken broth and other delicacies till the wound is healed. Meantime he must be kept in a warm bed and have good nursing.' The Agent says, 'I will furnish the articles he needs, and will see that your directions are obeyed.'"

"How good that is!" said Maedy. "Papa said we might plant some onions this year, each of us a row. Perhaps we'll have a barrel full; if we do we'll send it to the Sanitary Commission. Papa says they want onions because the soldiers get sick for want of vegetables to eat with their salt meat!"

"Every crumb adds to the loaf," said Mrs. Warren, who had come to help Aunt Ellen in preparing the shirts. "And the Sanitary Commission needs so much. It sends boxes of good things to our men who

are prisoners at the South. Its good works are as varied as the soldier's need. It has a department that attends to his money matters, such as his back pay, and his bounty. It provides soldiers' homes, resting-places for those who are travelling homeward, more especially for the sick and disabled. Wherever the army goes, east, west, north or south, the Sanitary Commission follows and ministers to it. The suffering it has saved can never be estimated; and the best of it all is that this power for good depends entirely on the free-will offerings of the people."

The rat-a-tat-tat of the sewing machine soon interrupted conversation, and the subject was not resumed till evening, when the children tried to calculate the amount of their anticipated onion crop. Finally they went to their father to verify the result, and as was their wont, they soon induced him to talk with them.

"Every one has been willing, glad even," he said, "to make a *sacrifice* for this war. Think how many have given up brothers,

sons, and husbands—the dearest objects of our love! No wonder then that we should give freely of our substance. The various trades and professions have all contributed freely to the good cause. A Rhode Island millionaire enlisted as a private, and paid for the outfit of his comrades. The Connecticut farmers go to the war and take their hired men with them. Merchants persuade their clerks to enlist, and continue their salary while they are absent. When the landlord of the Astor House was asked for his bill for entertaining our regiments, he wrote to our Governor: ‘The Astor House makes no charge for feeding Massachusetts troops.’ One gentleman presented a regiment with a State and Regimental Flag, and then invited them to a repast of thirty thousand clams! A tin dealer equips two companies with cups and plates, a leather dealer gives his share of vizors, straps and belts. A New Jersey man gives a meal to a hundred horses. Landlords offer their buildings rent-free for drill-rooms. Mattress dealers furnish

beds; druggists, medicines; and so you might go up and down the ranks of the people, and find them all ready to help the army and support the Government. Within a few weeks after the flag of Fort Sumter was lowered, our people spent about a million of dollars in flags, cockades and other national decorations. It is only natural that their patriotism should show itself by their liberality."

"There's a man in New York I read of in the paper," said Roger, "Mr. Farmer is his name; I believe he keeps an eating-house; and he invites the soldiers to come to his place and get their dinner free. He sent a whole ton of sugar-plums to Fortress Munroe. Musn't they have had a jolly good time when it was opened?"

It was such a droll idea that Roger suggested, a garrison of brave soldiers, each scrambling for his share of the pile, that the children laughed outright.

"I suppose a great deal has been given," added Aunt Ellen, "that has never been recorded, nor computed. How many col-

lections have been made in the churches !” she added ; “ There’s Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn—Mr. Beecher’s. It fitted out a whole regiment with underclothes, handkerchiefs, sponges, and other articles.”

“ Yes,” said Mrs. Warren, “ and there was Mrs. Walker, a poor woman of New York City, who presented a Zouave company with sixty shirts of her own making. Her gift should be mentioned with that of Mr. Vanderbilt, a rich man, who gave a steamer worth seven hundred thousand dollars.”

“ Well, nobody can beat that !” exclaimed Roger. “ I guess the steamboat is the biggest present of all. Most a million of dollars, isn’t it father ?”

“ Yes. I suppose, in the actual amount, it is the largest offering made by any one person. But before God, who judges better than we, the effort of a few young people out in a little Ohio village may be worth full as much. They collected nearly six hundred dollars in a few months, though there was scarcely a rich person in the neighborhood ; and from their name and

example have sprung all the 'Alert Clubs' of the country."

"What do they do?" asked Roger.

"Oh, they are branches that supply the bough and the tree," said Aunt Ellen. "They collect money for the Aid Societies. They get up concerts, tea parties, strawberry festivals; they pick blackberries, raise onions and hold fairs in order to raise funds. I wish we had one among the young folks here."

"If they'll have a tea party or strawberry festival, I go in for it right away," said Roger.

"You were speaking of the tin dealers and other tradespeople, father," said Franklin. "Did you read that the public school teachers of Boston had agreed to give a part of their salary while the war lasts? Some give up a quarter of it; and the whole sum they make up in this way comes to over twelve thousand dollars a year; isn't it, Roger? Our teacher was speaking of it to-day."

"That is a noble offering," said Mr.

Warren. "For teachers are seldom rich, and their salaries are seldom large. A gentleman told me the other day of the fund raised by the New York police for the support of volunteers and their families connected with that force. They pay out for this purpose from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a month. The pilots also of New York Harbor give their services free to all Government vessels. The artists have given the proceeds of a sale of their pictures, amounting to five thousand dollars ; and the Union Defence fund, raised by the business men of New York, if you add to it other sums given by them for the soldiers about the same time, comes to more than two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. All the world over, our American people are eagerly sending aid to their native land. In Paris they sent us two rifled cannon that are now used in defence of the Union, and from other foreign places contributions from American residents have also been received."

"These things," said Aunt Ellen, "make

me think of the tales we've heard of the revolution, when the women at home denied themselves in all possible ways, so as to help the army ; when they spun and wove for the half-clad troops, and met in little gatherings to make up garments, and brought their money, both continental bills and coin, to send to the relief of Valley Forge."

Mr. Warren also told the children of the Christian Commission, another society, whose agents distribute not merely supplies for the body, but newspapers, tracts, magazines, bibles, hymn books and other mental and religious food. These good men pray with the sick and dying, and hold religious services in the camps.

Bed-time came all too soon that evening. The children protested that they were not sleepy, and would gladly have heard more concerning the generosity of the people. But "some other time," the father promised to talk with them again, as they bade him good night.

"Here are some inscriptions I cut for

you, Frank," said Mrs. Warren, next day. "They were pinned, it is said, upon articles sent to the Sanitary Commission. As I read them I thought how the poor men, lonely and sick, would be thrilled by the sight of these affectionate words from home."

Frank read the messages aloud :

This blanket was carried up and down, full a mile and a-half, by Milly Aldrich, who is ninety-three years old, that it might be given to some soldier."

"My son is in the army. Whoever is warmed by this quilt, that I have worked upon for six days and nearly as many nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

"This blanket covered a soldier in the war of 1812; may it keep some brave man warm in this war against traitors."

"My little son died resting on this pillow. It is a treasure to me, but I part with it for the soldier."

"These socks were knit by a little girl five years old; she is going to knit some more, for mother says they may do some poor soldier good."

"A box of lint, made in a sick room, in which the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bade their mother farewell, as they went forth to the war."

"I have given my husband and my boy, and only

wish I had something else to offer with this bundle of bandages, but I haven't.' "

On some eye-shades were written. "Made by one who is blind. Oh! how I long to see the dear flag that you are all fighting for."

"A pair of socks, made by a lady who is ninety-seven years old. She is ready and anxious to do all she can."

"This lint is made by Mrs. Witmer, of Pa., who spun the flax and wove the linen of which it is made in 1812."

"A hundred and fifty years ago, a merry young lassie in the Ochill hills of Scotland, was spinning flax for her wedding dower. Little did she think that her rosy fingers were preparing material to bind up the wounds of those who fall in this glorious strife. The accompanying bundle is a part of her work."

"Mrs. Arbicht, of Indiana, has with her own hand put in three acres of wheat, during the past season. Her sons are fighting their country's battles, and during their absence she has nobly striven 'to keep up' the farm."

"A young lady in Maine has knit a hundred pairs of mittens for the soldiers, furnishing the yarn herself. She has 'given the mitten,' more frequently than any young woman we know of."

CHAPTER VI.

GOOD TIDINGS FROM THE WEST'

MANY weeks had passed without bringing tidings of the two absent sons, and the family had begun to feel some anxiety about them. The faces of the older members turned a shade paler as they glanced over the newspapers, seeking with silent, painful eagerness for the list of the "killed, wounded, and missing." They said little to each other of the apprehensions common to all, but maintained a semblance at least of their usual cheerfulness. But an afternoon came when the need of such an effort ceased. The father returned from the village looking so relieved and happy that his secret was guessed before he told it; and the children began to fumble in the pockets of his coat after the post-office budget.

“Long-looked-for come at last,” he said, handing the letter to his wife. “I thought that would please you better than any thing else I could bring, unless ’twas the boy himself.”

Exclamations of joy went up from the little circle as the mother parted the envelope, and disclosed a number of closely written pages in Horace’s handwriting. She began to read them aloud, her voice trembling with the excitement of the moment, and her eyes half blinded with grateful tears. The first few lines were filled with affectionate inquiries, explanations for the long silence, and other personal matters. The rest was as follows :

FIELD OF SHILOH, near Pittsburg Landing,
April—th, 1862.

* * * * * The circumstances around me are by no means favorable for writing ; for since the dreadful battle of the 6th and 7th, everything has been in confusion. We have lain at night on the ground, without tents, or even blankets to cover us from the pouring rain ; though so hardened am I now to a soldier’s life, I think that inconvenience would scarcely have kept me awake, but for the pain in my right

check, which was grazed rather roughly by a ball in the fight on Monday. It is by no means severe enough to keep me in the hospital, but when it needs attention I make a visit to the doctor. The noise of my comrades about me is almost stunning; for not far from sixty-five thousand men are scattered over the area, in the vicinity of the battle-field; but I know not when a better time for writing may be found. What marches are in store for us, or where our next encampment will be, no one knows. Before I speak of the great battle fought here, let me go back a little and narrate what we men of the West have been doing lately for the country. The fall of Fort Donelson has broken the back-bone of the rebellion, we think, right in the middle; for that place was esteemed by them one of the main points east of the Mississippi. Be that as it may, the greatest *stampede* of the war took place at Nashville, just after the surrender. The people there, it seems, thought we were whipped at Donelson. 'Enemy retreating. Glorious result. A complete victory!' was the burden of the Nashville dispatches. 'On the honor of a soldier the day is ours,' wrote General Pillow, just before he took to his legs, and his 'honor' took wings, and flew away from Donelson. So the Nashville people went to church on Sunday morning, the sixteenth of February, much elated at the supposed Confederate victory. Before the service was done, however, into the city dashed a courier with another despatch. 'Donelson has fallen, and the Yankees are coming.' Next came Floyd, the thief and

renegade,—with his version of the story ; next Johnson, with his scared troops from Bowling Green, north of Nashville, in Kentucky, driven out by our gallant Gen. Mitchell. These were all hurrying southward, and had no time to pause and defend Nashville from the dreaded Yankees. Then followed ‘a scene for a painter,’ as the boy said when he stirred up the beehive. The people took to their heels, and it is said the city was like a lunatic asylum. Every vehicle in the place was seized ; millions of dollars worth of property, both private and public, was needlessly ruined in the panic. Among other things two splendid bridges across the Cumberland were destroyed though no possible good could result from the loss. But the people had lost their reason ; they were frantic. This action compares very unfavorably with that of the Union troops, who saved the bridges over the Tennessee. Nashville is a beautiful city, say some of our boys who have been there, full of fine buildings, many of them the residences of rich rebels ; though their owners are for the most part ruined by this wicked rebellion. John Overton, the richest traitor in Tennessee, worth five millions they say, fled from the place, and is now a fugitive, while a hotel formerly owned by him now shelters one of our regiments. Another rich man whose mansion was almost as grand as a European palace, is now a prisoner in our lines, and our troops are hunting game in his parks. One of my comrades entered the city when the soldiers took possession ; and he told me of the joyful welcome they received from the slaves there. Large num-

bers of these poor creatures had been driven south, but those who were left seemed to understand that we were *not* fighting for the corner-stone of slavery. They spoke of their masters as 'der wustest men dis side der bad place.' One fellow described his profane master as 'Satan's own mouf-piece,' and another, narrating the escape of a Union man, said, 'Ef dey cotched him, dey hang him higher nor Haman; howsomever dis nigger ain't prepared to say jes' how high dey hung dat 'ar gemman.'

Evacuation is the order of the day, among the rebels of these parts. The next place abandoned was Columbus, Ky., hitherto styled by the Johnnies 'The Gibraltar of the West,' and without doubt, one of the strongest positions in the Mississippi Valley. Their Bishop, General Polk, after taking a deal of trouble to strengthen the place, left it on the third of March, with his entire force. Some have gone to New Madrid, and Island No. 10, but we shan't let them rest there long, I promise you.

On the seventh and eighth of March, only a few days after the evacuation of Columbus, we gave the Johnnies another shove in their downward career at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, just beyond the Missouri line. All winter our State has been overrun with bands of guerrillas, made up of the most ruffianly sort of characters, whose mode of life is like that of robbers; for they respect no military laws, and don't deserve the name of soldiers. One of our Colonels was taken by a gang of guerrillas, who proposed to give him a dose of cold lead, but being

rather pleased with his coolness and apparent indifference, they decided to let him off on parole,—a plan easier to propose than to perform, since not a man of the company could read or write. Finally, they told the Colonel to make out the parole himself. He indited a solemn promise, never to take up arms *against* the Union, nor in any way to give aid or comfort to its enemies, &c., signed the paper, and was set free. He made speedy tracks for our lines, and never heard whether or not his guerrilla acquaintances found out the ‘sell.’ Despite the exertions of our troops to break up these guerrilla bands, they infested our State like vermin, till they were ‘wiped out,’ to use a camp phrase, at Pea Ridge, where we fairly broke their power.

“Let us see where the place is,” said Mr. Warren, and search was made for it in the atlas. The name itself was not down, but in the northwest corner of Arkansas, a group of mountains were found, “to which,” said the father, “the Ridge must belong.”

We had a fierce struggle there. I believe I never knew what fighting was till that day. If our Commander, General Curtis, were to mention favorably all who did well, I think he would include the whole army in the report. However, we are all willing to yield the first place to Sigel’s men in that record. Within four days they marched fifty miles, fought three engage-



ments, took a battery, a flag, and over a hundred prisoners, some of them officers of high grade. As you may suppose, our regiment were much elated at the good fortune that gave them a share in the battle. We'd had considerable sickness in camp at Rolla, and were pleased enough to get our marching orders. It happened that just before the battle we had been detailed to ferret out some Arkansas men who 'skedaddled' two days before we came upon their camp. While we were on the hunt, messengers reached us from the front, saying that "Van Dorn was coming, with thirty thousand men." They proved to be about twenty thousand, but that was a plenty, for they largely outnumbered us. We had wandered forty-one miles from the main body; so there was nothing to do but hasten back by a forced march, stopping occasionally for a fifteen-minute halt. Fortunately we reached the lines just in time to have a hand in the fray. Van Dorn had collected a mongrel horde, guerrillas, Texans, and Indians,—these last decoyed by the rebels from their allegiance to the United States. They scalped and tomahawked our poor fellows in the most shocking manner, and gave proof that the Confederates do not pretend to respect the rules of civilized warfare. Our General sent an unavailing remonstrance to Van Dorn concerning these barbarities. These Indians were commanded by Albert Pike, "the handsomest man in the Southwest," as he has been styled, and, I regret to say, formerly a citizen of Massachusetts. His fine talents have been impaired by intemperate habits,

and his energies wasted in acquiring and spending at least half a dozen fortunes. The Indians were routed in battle, and Pike ran as fast as any of them. His behavior was in marked contrast with that of another rebel, a Louisiana Captain, whose audacity savored of madness. As Sigel's men forced back the rebel line, he rushed forward shouting, 'I am as brave as Cæsar. If we are whipped I don't want to live. Come on, you scoundrels.' One fellow said he was—"how-come-ye-so," or in plain speech, drunk. They tried to capture him, but I believe he was picked off by one of our guns.

In the outset Sigel's men bore the brunt of the battle; and for hours it looked as if we were fated to go down. Our leader, Colonel Carr, perceived the danger of our position, and after sending a man for reinforcements, he is said to have exclaimed, "Two batteries and three regiments, or nightfall, are all that can save us." These western rebels are as fond of a "scrub-oak" battle-ground as your eastern ones are of their masked batteries. They dread an open field and a fair fight, though they prate of one southerner being equal to five Yankees. Well, they chose the wood, and we on the right, General Davis in the centre, and Sigel at the left, fought them on their own ground. They lost two Generals, McIntosh and McCulloch, beside many other officers, and left their favorite 'scrub' in haste. McCulloch lived till evening; prisoners say he declared he should get well, and swore that he was never born to be killed by a Yankee. His last word was an exclamation of horror.

We passed a dreary night that seventh of March, anticipating the next day's struggle, and listening to the moans of our mules who had been twelve hours without drink, twenty-four without food, and had stood in harness since sunrise. We could build no fires, so close were the grey-backs, and were obliged to talk in whispers lest they should hear us. A thousand of our brave comrades were disabled, and we who were left were cold and tired; however, we still had "pluck" enough to laugh at the grey-back prisoners, when they said their army was going to capture us, supplies and all. The whole line kept up good courage. 'There's no falling back safely here,' we said; 'nothing but stubborn fighting will save us, and we will do our best.' I guess nobody at headquarters slept that night. In the morning Sigel opened the battle. By a skillful disposal of his force, he enclosed the enemy in the end of a circle, and he was enabled by the arrangement of his batteries to keep up a continual firing for over two hours. The rebels fell like swathes of grass before the scythe. Houses and trees even were torn in pieces, while Sigel's men and his terrible guns, crept closer and closer to the hostile columns. They could not charge in face of the bullet storm, nor yet fall upon the compact line of bayonets bristling from the ground (during the firing our regiments lay prostrate). To stand still was destruction. They fell back; in that instant, our ranks rose, and at the word 'Forward,' the line rolled like a black, engulfing wave upon the departing enemy. He broke beneath it, and the battle gave place to a

pursuit. It was an exciting one, for the woods took fire as the mass hurried on amid the cracking of muskets, the flare of light, the exultation of the pursuers, and the terror of the traitors. But another victory had been won for the Old Flag, and henceforth we bear on our banners the inscription 'Pea Ridge.'

"There's another," exclaimed Roger, "to add to the February battles. How many were there, Frank? Three! then this makes four, all in a row, one after the other. I guess the good old Union isn't going to pieces yet. They're giving 'em 'Hail Columbia' out West, aren't they, now. Go on, mother, please."

I always have so much to say in writing home, that paper and time fail long before I am ready to stop. But when we meet again you shall hear as many stories about the war as you wish. The ever blessed agents of the Sanitary Commission were upon the field with supplies for a thousand of our poor fellows, and for nearly as many more rebels. What we should have done in that wilderness, had we been left to ourselves, I know not. The disabled must have starved to death, for our provisions were scarce, and the few settlers in the region have barely enough for their own need. One lady there was on the field, Colonel Phelps' wife, who seemed to us soldiers like a being from the other world, so tenderly did she minister to those who were suffering.

While we were fighting at the front, she was making bandages from her own clothes, cooking broth and doing all in her power to relieve and encourage them. We lost over thirteen hundred men, wounded, killed or missing in this battle, and more than half this number belonged to our Division, which was so overmatched throughout the first day. The rebel killed and wounded are so scattered, as are also the living, by this time, that it is difficult to estimate their number. We think it fully as great as our own, but probably Van Dorn himself does not know just how many perished.

But my comrades are getting their rations ready for supper, and the gathering darkness warns me to stop. On this bleak camping ground, hundreds of miles from the quiet snug little homestead, my thoughts have nevertheless been so busy talking with you, that for the time I have forgotten the disorder, the rough faces and rougher voices about me. I have scarcely heard a group of men near by singing 'John Brown's body,' nor another on the left recounting their adventures on the field, and numbering the times they 'drew a bead' with effect, that is, sent a bullet into the man at whom it was aimed. These souvenirs of battle are the spice of a soldier's life; they beguile the monotonous days filled with the duties of answering to roll-call, practising the drill, cleaning guns and equipments. After weeks of this dull life we look forward to an engagement, much as children do to a holiday.

"But it's no holiday work, I guess," said

Frank, "particularly when a lot of Indians are waiting to scalp your head, and chop you to pieces with their tomahawks. Isn't it a wonder that Horace escaped when his division suffered so much?"

"It is indeed," said the father, "—a wonder for which we cannot be too grateful. But let us hear the rest."

April —th.—I left my letter open in order to tell you something of the conflict we had here on the sixth and seventh. And yet, with some knowledge of the facts, I hardly know how to begin. They are strewed about in my brain, much as the things used to be on the garret floor after Daniel and I had spent a rainy afternoon up there. Do the boys ever lay it waste now-a-days? The dried apples would be hung around old bonnets; the clothes, and by-gone furniture were dragged from their resting-places, and the spinning-wheel was made to whirl with hanks of yarn, ruthlessly pulled from mother's yarn-bag. Only she can tell how, when we were banished to the lower region, order was restored from the confusion we had wrought. My head is still ringing with the sound of bullets. They made a noise like a thousand woodpeckers, as they hit against the trees; and the only way I could keep my wits together, was to think of anything else but the peril which surrounded us. Let me begin by explaining why we are here, so far away from the battle-ground of

Pea Ridge. One entrance path into the South, as you will see by referring to a railroad map, lies by way of Corinth and Memphis, and our army, commanded by General Grant, was posted at this point, on the Tennessee, to threaten these places. The country is rather pretty in its wildness, full of ravines, and back from the bluffs rolling and wooded. As the "Landing" is distinguished simply by two log-huts, I suppose the population of the place was rather small, till increased by the arrival of our army. The camps lay within a few miles of each other in a semi-circular line. On the morning of the sixth, the grey-backs, led by their famous General Johnston, suddenly poured their long-closely-packed columns right into our lines, taking us utterly by surprise. Things 'were lying around loose,' as the boys say; for the first warning we had was that of the pickets, rushing in from their posts. Many of the raw troops were panic-struck, and fled to the landing, when they saw the dense mass of rebels coming onward. Sherman, however, encamped near the old log church 'Shiloh,' held his ground all day, re-forming his shattered battalions, and maintaining his line in face of the hostile ranks, himself the boldest, most active man in the division. Four times he mounted a fresh horse, the others being killed; and at noon he was seen dismounted, covered with dust and blood, one arm in a sling, and a bullet through his hand; yet absorbed in giving orders, and superintending his artillery. His division was the only one that repelled the rebel advance that day had he fallen, I know not what

could have saved the army from entire defeat. By nightfall, when the firing had ceased, our grand army presented a sorry sight. Its broken ranks were driven back, weary and heavy-hearted, and huddled into a small space near the river ; while ' Old Borey,' (Beauregard) and his troops were enjoying our comfortable quarters. We learned afterward from prisoners, that he had promised his men they should sleep in our camp, eat Yankee bread, drink real coffee, and have new suits of clothes. However we did not think of giving up, more especially as all the troubles had not fallen upon our side. The rebels had lost their Commander, General Johnston, a man greatly revered by them for his talents and character. I have heard that old General Wool once called him ' the best soldier he ever 'knew.' He was of Scottish descent, (think of Scotch blood spilt to establish a slave-holding government !) courteous of manner, calm, resolute, grave. He was esteemed a good man in the South, if we may believe what the prisoners say, and had he kept his faith to his country, I think he might have been a true hero. As it is, the ' Confederacy' will never amount to more than a name, and those whose names are linked with it will be disgraced and forgotten.

But the night that fell on our discomfiture brought us good cheer. We had been looking for General Lewis Wallace, whose division was remotely posted. He and his force, a famous one for fighting, came up in the evening ; and the next thing we heard was that General Nelson, with the advance of Buell's

army, were on the other side of the river, waiting to join us. We could not sleep for joy, while the rebels moved uneasily about in their new quarters, not relishing the shells dropping among them every ten minutes from our gun-boats.

I wish you could have seen our fresh ranks forming in line of battle on that eventful Monday morning. The national troops spread from the little semi-circle into which we were jammed, much as the 'flower-pots' used to blaze on the Fourth of July night, when we had fire-works on the village green. Isn't there some display of the kind, they call a *feu de joie*, or 'fire of joy?' Well then, the Union army was more like that, for how many hearts have rejoiced in its advance upon Shiloh! Among Nelson's troops was a Colonel, well-known as a brave soldier, called 'Old Jake Ammen.' He is always cool, and never off his guard. In the heat of battle Old Jake came upon a pile of corn, which was just the thing for his hungry horse; so he sat down and husked a quantity of it, hardly deigning to notice the bullets that threatened to cut short his work. Among the division commanders was General McCook, one of four brothers in the national service. Five sons in the war! I wonder if they, like us, have a mother waiting at home for their return. What a strong heart must be needed for such a sacrifice! His men had marched twenty-two miles the day before; most of them had stood all night in the streets of Savannah, a little village on the route; but there was no evidence of weariness in their conduct on the field. During the last charge, an Indiana regi-

ment became confused and fired 'wild.' The Colonel stopped to drill them in the manual of arms, the men meantime under a hot fire; the lesson was given in the usual orderly manner, and in a few moments the ranks gave proof that they had profited by it. The Johnnies made all possible resistance to our advancing lines, but they could not help themselves, though 'Old Borey' rode up and down doing his utmost to save his reputation as 'the soldier that never lost a battle.' We had fresh reserves ready for every emergency, and 'Forward' was the only order for our division, and backward the only course for the grey-backs. Beauregard and his army left us very suddenly that day for a twenty-five mile march to Corinth, and before sundown we all went back to our camps again with cheers and shouts, like men half crazed with joy. Sherman's troops were the last to give over the pursuit. They, like the rest of us, were glad of repose after the two days' battle, and the watchful stormy night. Some of the boys had been twenty-four hours without either food or sleep. Here, as at Pea Ridge, the Sanitary agents have been at work. After the battle they sent up a hospital steamer that took away thirty-five hundred patients.

Old Borey will try to put a fair face on the matter I see in his dispatch he talks of a 'victory,' and of having 'retired,' after it was gained, to Corinth. But he can't hide two facts: first, that he meant either to 'bag' us, or drown us in the river, or at least to send us flying; and second, that he has 'retired,' while we are

ensconced again in our camps. The rebels have lost their best General, Johnson, and about one-fourth of their entire force engaged. We lost altogether not far from fifteen thousand men, many of them prisoners, taken in the first day's battle; yet I think our side has gained one real advantage,—that of a reputation among our enemies. They know by this time what sort of fighting men we are, and what we can do for the Flag. It would quicken your blood to see our boys rally at sight of 'Old Glory,' as we call our national banner. To us it means everything we hold dear—home, country, honor. The regiment colors also are scarcely less precious. In the first day's battle some Indiana men lost their color-sergeant and guard at the same moment. The two men next them fell an instant later, when a Lieutenant rushed forward and saved the imperilled flag, bearing it onward till he too was shot down. Still its tattered folds were upborne by strong arms in the front, where the regiment, with its remaining officers, gathered to protect it. A color-sergeant in Sherman's division was shot on the second day. The flag trailed, but did not fall to the ground ere another hand grasped the staff, and bore it with the advancing column half a mile onward. Sherman, by the way, is said to be a very patient, as well as a courageous and energetic man. He forbears with the timidity of the raw troops, and in this respect is like the commander, Grant, who it is said was defeated in one of his early engagements, owing to the want of discipline among his men, and the bad con-

duct of his Colonels. 'Why do you not report them?' asked one of his friends. 'They are the men to blame for not carrying out your orders.' 'Yes,' said Grant, 'but these officers have never been under fire before. I can see by the way they have behaved since, that they are of the right stuff, and now when good officers are scarce, it is better that I should lose my command than that five serviceable men should be dropped.' He was not deposed, and three out of the five officers have since come to honor. A good story is told of a German officer who, during the battle, rode in hot haste to Grant, and with many regrets and explanations, informed him that Swartz' battery was 'took.' 'Well, sir,' said Grant, 'of course you spiked the guns.' 'Vat,' exclaimed Mein Herr in astonishment, 'schpike dem guns—dem new guns! No; it wood schpoil dem!' 'Well,' said the General sharply, 'what did you do?' 'Do! Vy ve took dem back again,' answered the officer.

A couple of Nelson's men came over to our quarters this afternoon, and told some good stories of their General. They say he is a rough-seeming man, with his heart in the right place nevertheless, and particularly careful of the well-being of his command. One day he found a peddler in camp, hawking pies, such as would 'kill a hyena deader'n a door-nail,' said our story teller. 'What do you charge for those things?' asked the General, 'Fifty cents a-piece,' replied the peddler. 'Fifty cents a-piece!' roared the General, with oaths to make a man shake in his shoes, for I'm

sorry to say he is given to swearing. 'Now, you swindling pirate, I want you to go to work and eat every one of those pies as fast as you can draw your miserable breath. Double-quick, you villain.' And keeping guard over the fellow, who sued for grace in vain, the old General made him eat six of his execrable pies—all he had left—much to the pleasure of the men he had cheated. 'Now,' concluded the General, 'you miserable villain, be off; and if ever I catch you swindling my men again, I'll have you hung!' and he strode away. The peddler was never seen afterward, and the fellows thought he must have died from an attack of bilious colic, induced by his indigestible meal.

I told you of Mrs. Phelps, the kind-hearted woman, who ministered to our wounded at Pea Ridge. We were not without an angel of mercy at Shiloh also, in the person of Mrs. Belle Reynolds, a sergeant's wife. Perhaps you have heard of her; she is the 'Daughter' of the Seventeenth Illinois, one of our noblest regiments. The soldiers have great respect for her bravery and kindness; for she 'endures hardness like a good soldier.' When the order comes to 'Fall in,' she mounts her horse, at night if need be, and marches without rest or food, except such as is allowed the troops. The Governor of her State has been out here attending to the wants of his soldiers, and learning of Mrs. Reynolds' devotion to the wounded, he gave her a commission as Daughter of the Regiment, to take rank as Major of Illinois State Militia. So now we have a lady Major in the army. That ought to

please the Woman's Rights people, don't you think so? By the way, I have a little sprig of laurel in my own cap. In our last charge on Monday we lost our corporal, and with the unanimous good-will of our boys, I was promoted to his place. The rank, to be sure, is not high, but I have always tried to do my duty, and as a proof that I had been in some degree successful, the promotion is a source of pleasure to me. I mean to do all I can *as well* as I can, not simply for my own sake, but because I am in the service of my country.

But I must add no more stories to my tremendously long letter. In a few minutes 'taps' will be sounding, and we shall 'peel for bed,' an operation that is soon performed, owing to the simplicity of our toilet arrangements. As I roll the blanket about me, my thoughts turn fondly to the dear home so far away, and I wonder when I shall be there again. Then the camp noises die into quiet, and we know nothing more than the great logs laying around us till *reveille*, or 'revellée,' as we call the French word. Dear mother, father aunt and little folks, good night, and God keep us to a safe reunion.

Ever your affectionate

HORACE.

CHAPTER VII.

UP AND DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE sports of Frank and Roger grew warlike as the times became so. The old plays of "Hop-Scotch," "Leap-Frog," and the like, had given place to mimic assaults on rebel strongholds, and parades with the "Fairbrook Light Brigade," a company of village boys that "turned out" whenever the flag on the green was raised in token of a Union victory. After the arrival of Horace's letter the brothers tried to get up a sham battle among their comrades, but the attempt failed because no boys could be persuaded to take the rebel side. Frank and Roger, however, in playing with each other, would overcome this difficulty in a measure by pressing inanimate objects into the rebel service ; and perhaps not the least pleasing result of this arrangement was that

the boys invariably came off victors in the mimic strife. One afternoon they amused themselves thus, by assaulting the wood-pile with great show of gallantry. "Captain," called Roger, as he marshalled a dozen sticks against the side of the woodshed, "will you detail me a squad of men to guard these greybacks? They pretend to be Union men, and may be they are; but we'll take them into camp, and then if they want to take the oath they may;" and suiting the action to the word, he picked up an armful of his docile prisoners and bore them to the spot marked out for soldiers' quarters.

"I wonder if there really are many Union men in the Southern army?" said Frank, sitting down to rest a moment after the hard play-work of the afternoon.

"Father says there are plenty of them," said Roger. "Didn't you hear that story of the wounded officer at Pittsburgh Landing who was treated very kindly by a rebel aid? Our man was surprised, you know, and asked the reason of it all; and the

Johnny only said, 'I am not the enemy I seem, and went on his way.' "

"Some of those Southerners are real courageous men," added Frank, "if they do fight on the wrong side. I cut out a story about a General Gladden. He was in that battle, too, and he lost his arm; but as soon as the stump was dressed he rode on with his men. Afterward the doctor was obliged to cut off what was left of the arm, and the operation made the General sick, but he wouldn't leave his post. He said he 'would only give up his command to go into his coffin;' and he was true to his word, for in a few days afterward he died."

"I guess our men can hold out as long as any one," said Roger. "Don't you know how many narrow escapes Grant and Sherman have had? Mother was reading of some to Aunt Ellen; Grant said to one of the Generals that if he'd been beaten at Pittsburgh Landing, the few boats in the river would have been enough to carry his army over; but they could only take a small part of it; so he

meant, you see, that the rest would have died on the field before giving it up to the rebels. Yankees don't give up easy, I know; for so many times we've heard of their having bad luck at first; but they keep right on fighting through thick and thin, and that's why they win the battles, I suppose."

"There's father, down the road," interrupted Frank. "I guess he's going to the orchard; let's go along, Roger."

Some of the trees were to be pruned and grafted; and while the father was occupied with these, the boys uprooted the dock-weeds that had intruded themselves into the growth of young grass below. The roots are long and narrow, and it is not always an easy task to pull them up entire. "Here's a tough one!" cried Roger, digging hard with one hand and pulling hard with the other. Suddenly he tumbled backward, flourishing the weed in the air. "It has left a hole as long as my arm," he exclaimed, as he righted himself, adding "pretty nearly," to redeem the assertion from exaggeration.

“That must be a long root even for a dock-weed,” said Mr. Warren, “for an arm is considerably more than a *foot* long, you know.”

“It *is* a deep hole,” said Frank, plunging his knife into it, “though not quite as deep as those you spoke of yesterday that were made in the island; sixteen feet you said they were. I wonder how long that is!”

“We’ll say the length of our milk room,” said Mr. Warren. “They were made by huge bomb-shells,—‘peace-makers,’ the soldiers call them.”

“How big are the shells?” asked Roger.

“When they are filled they weigh two hundred pounds, and that is heavier than you two boys would be, tied up in a bag together,” said Mr. Warren, pleasantly. “They shook the island like an earthquake.”

“I should think they might,” said Roger. “What place is it?”

“Island Number Ten on the Missis-

Mississippi. Our boys dug a canal up there—another wonder among our Western operations. They worked at it secretly for three weeks, and many of the trees which obstructed their way they sawed off by hand, four feet below the surface of the water.”

“And did it take all that time to get the Island?” asked Roger. “I should think a few of those ‘peace-makers’ flying into the rebels, would have scattered them on the double-quick.”

“The shells did much damage, doubtless; but to take a strongly fortified place, it is often necessary first to occupy some of the positions surrounding it. The Confederates called Island Number Ten the ‘Key of the River,’ because, so long as it was in their possession, it locked us out of the Upper Mississippi. But Commodore Foote’s mortars, and General Pope’s soldiers have wrested it away from the greybacks, and now the Mississippi is open for a great distance, if not through its entire length, to the passage of our ships. A place on the

river bank called New Madrid was first attacked by our troops. I remember hearing of the bold stand taken by an Ohio regiment at the time. They fought gallantly while in an exposed position, with shot and shell falling thick about them; yet singularly enough not one of their number was hurt; and a rough, profane man in commenting upon their escape, was heard to say, 'Well, it's no use talking; God must have been with the Ohio boys yesterday.' "

"And Commodore Foote is up there," said Frank. "I remember what you told us once about him."

"He was there at the surrender of the Island—the 7th of April. Afterward he was forced by the wound received at Donelson to leave his post, much to the regret of honest, open-hearted Jack, who is sure to love a commander that treats him well. On board the vessels of the fleet, religious service was held every Sunday morning. The crew would come 'aft,' dressed in their

suits of blue, and stand with uncovered heads while the Captain read a chapter in the Bible, interrupted sometimes by the scream of a shell or the boom of a cannon. One Sunday the lesson was the 27th Psalm. Do either of you know it?"

"I remember the beginning," said Frank; "we learned it once for a Sunday-school lesson. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation. The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?'"

"And now, I suppose," said Roger, "the Union fleet will sail down the river, and make all the other places surrender."

"It will in time. There are Memphis and Vicksburg, and scores of smaller towns. One great city has already fallen. Just as the excitement produced by the capture of Island Number Ten had subsided, we were all electrified by another piece of good news—that the Yankees had gained a great victory at the lower end of the river, and that New Orleans was occupied by General Butler and his troops."

“New Orleans ! Oh, tell us all that happened there, will you, father ?” asked Frank.

“Ah, that’s a long story,” answered Mr. Warren. “When the cows are milked and the rest of the work done, and supper is over, perhaps I can tell you a little about it ; but not while I am busy cutting these trees.”

“Tell us a little more, then, about Island Number Ten, please ?” asked Roger, for the boys had pulled enough dock-weeds to suit their pleasure, and had now no other employment than to watch their father as he bound the tender grafts to the branches.

“Well, at a certain point on the Island the Johnnies had a battery which had badly damaged our ships, and threatened to do us endless harm. And among General Pope’s officers was an Illinois Colonel named Roberts, a gallant young fellow, who had no fancy for seeing our vessels knocked in pieces by the rebel battery, and said he would like to try to stop it. Ac-

cordingly, one dark night he gathered a company of cool, brave men like himself, and set out in small boats for the hostile battery. When they landed, the rebel sentinel, deceived by the darkness, thought the whole Yankee army was at his heels, and betook himself to flight. Roberts and his men fell to work spiking the guns of the battery. Among them was a large and fine one called the 'Lady Davis.' When they were all rendered unserviceable, he rowed silently back with his party. Not one of the number was hurt, though they had ventured within the rebel lines and the rebel stronghold. It needed a cool head and a stout heart to perform an exploit like that. And afterward, when the Colonel rode up and down the lines, the men waved their caps with cheers for the 'gun-spiker.' "

But there was no more time for talking then. The boys were commissioned to do some "chores" at the barn; and not till that quiet hour came when the light is too dim for reading or work, and too pleasant

to interrupt with lamps, was there further opportunity for questions about the war. The news of the day was discussed, and from thence to the subjects talked of in the orchard, the transition was easy.

“Which took New Orleans?” asked Frank. “Butler or Farragut; for they were both down there, weren’t they?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Warren. “The Commodore and his fleet did the fighting, but General Butler, by his presence and the movements of his troops, helped indirectly to the final success. It was he that planned the expedition, and he pushed it forward with a great deal of energy and resolution. Many of his troops he recruited himself, and in his last interview with the President, before sailing, he said: ‘We shall take New Orleans, or you’ll never see me again.’ Meantime, the Confederates declared that the Crescent City could not possibly be taken. They had built defences all about it, had gun-boats and fire-rafts in the river, and had laid a thick iron cable or

chain across it at a certain point, to prevent our vessels from sailing up."

"How did they get by them?" asked Roger.

"I'll tell you in a moment. Butler and his army, after a passage retarded by delays and storms, debarked at Ship Island, a barren, dismal spot not far from the river's mouth. There he consulted with Captain Farragut, whose fleet was lying outside the bar that guards the entrance to the river. It was agreed that the two principal forts, Jackson and St. Philip, should be reduced, if possible, by the mortar-ships under the command of Captain Porter. The bombardment was begun on the 18th of April."

"And what do you think, Frank?" said Roger. "It said in the paper—I remember it now—that the firing of the mortars was so great that the bees swarmed out of the woods because the air was too hot for them; and ever so many dead fishes, they say, floated on the river, killed by the thundering noise. Do you really believe it, father?"

“It must be true, for trustworthy men affirm that they saw these things.”

“There was a chance for a meal of fresh fish and honey,” said Roger, “if the men could have stopped to get it ready.”

“The roar of the shells,” said Mr. Warren, five thousand of which were thrown into one fort, was like the noise of ‘ten thousand humming tops.’ And as if these terrors were not enough, the great fire-ships, prepared to destroy our fleet, came floating down on the current, illuminating river and sky. Our marines, however, were prepared to deal with these dangerous visitors. They laid hold of them with grappling-irons, towed them ashore, and let them burn harmlessly out. The bombardment lasted through six days, and still the Forts remained in sufficiently good condition to return our fire. It is said that the soft, deep mud of the Mississippi impaired the efficiency of our bombs. Our Commodore held a consultation with his Captains, and it was determined to attempt the passage of the forts. The great chain stretch-

ing across the river was parted one night by the crew of the 'Itasca,' who worked at it with sledge and chisel while exposed to the direct fire of both forts. On the night of the 24th, when all was in readiness, the ships started on their perilous journey. They 'had a hot time of it,' as Farragut said, afterward. The guns of the two forts were to be faced, and beyond these was the rebel fleet, numbering among its ships a famous ram, the *Manassas*, whose iron prow was immediately directed toward our vessels. Failing in her first attack, she next appeared with a fire-raft tackled to her side, bearing down on the flag-ship *Hartford*—the ship that bore the Commodore."

"Of course the rebels would want to kill him most of all—the scoundrels!" said Frank.

"He was up in the fore-rigging, glass in hand, watching, through the smoke and darkness, the movements of the fleet. And he staid there, confronting the guns, the ram, and the fire-ship, till all were over-

come. In trying to steer clear of the blazing mass thrust against her, our vessel ran aground, and in an instant was ablaze from bow to stern; but a fire department was as quickly at hand to put out the flames, and when, some minutes later, the smoke cleared away, the crew found, to their great joy, that the forts were below them. The *Manassas* had slipped off in the darkness, got aground, and was destroyed by our guns—the last of eleven vessels lost by the rebels in that fiery struggle. One of our ships, the ‘*Varuna*,’ destroyed six of them before she herself sank with booming guns and flying colors.”

“Oh, I have something about her,” said Frank. “That’s the name mentioned in one of my scrap-book stories. There was a boy aboard of her, about thirteen years old, named Oscar, and he was as brave as the best of them. The Captain met him, all begrimed with dirt and powder, and asked where he was going in such a hurry. The vessel was reeling under a broadside, and everything was in confusion. ‘To get

a passing-box, sir,' said the boy; 'the other one was smashed by a ball.' He wanted another, you see, for he had no idea of getting away from the fight. When the ship went down, the Captain missed the boy; but soon he was seen swimming toward the wreck. When the boat reached him he clambered in, touching his hand to his forehead in the usual salute, said, 'All right, sir! I report myself on board,' and passed to his station without further ado."

"That battle brought out many humble but true heroes," added the father; and a moment after, when the lights were brought in, he read from a scrap saved for Frank :

"Among those who deserve, and will doubtless receive, medals of honor for their conduct in the passage of the forts are—Louis Richards, who steered the Pensacola through barricades, and whose coolness probably saved her from destruction; Thomas Flood, a boy who, when the Quartermaster fell, took his place and performed his duties like a veteran. The officers say they cannot speak too warmly of him; James Buck, wounded by a splinter, but, spite of remonstrance, steered the ship seven hours thereafter, and

went below reluctantly, though under positive orders to do so. Next morning stole to his post and steered the ship for eight hours; Thos. Genegan, who, when the 'powder division' had all fallen, brought up his own ammunition, and continued serving his gun. This example inspired the whole crew with enthusiasm; J. Frisbee, gunner's mate. When the berth-deck caught fire, he instantly closed the magazine, and remained at his post *inside*. On the Varuna every one seemed forgetful of danger. Men stood calmly at the wheel throughout the fray, while the decks behind them were raked by the rebel guns. It is idle to talk of any city as 'invincible' when such men come to attack it."

"I have heard of few scenes more strange and splendid than that battle on the river," added Mr. Warren. "The flash and thunder of more than two hundred and sixty guns from ships and forts, the continuous stream of bombs from the mortar fleet, the fire-ships lighting up the dark shores and the clouds above,—boilers bursting, beams cracking, and sounding through the tumult, the shouts and cries of human voices. What a grand and terrible picture a painter could make of it all. Through water, fire, and blood, the ships' crews made their way, and the next morning they lay before the city."

“The Yankees forever!” exclaimed Roger. “When they ‘guess’ they’ll try anything, they’re sure to go ahead and do it. Well, where was Butler? Did he have to pass the forts, too?”

“They had ceased to imperil the way. Butler sent a body of men to threaten Fort St. Philip in the rear; and when the rebel officers perceived that Farragut was above them, Porter with his mortars below, and Butler’s men in their rear, they surrendered without a battle. In fact, the passage of the ships had rendered further resistance unavailing. Butler entered the city on the first of May, and has had control of it since that day.”

“So the Stars and Stripes are raised again ‘way down South,’” said Franklin.

“Yes; although it was a troublesome operation at first. The New Orleanists were full of wrath and shame, and behaved as foolishly as angry children. As soon as Farragut reached the city, he sent ashore a party of men to hoist the flag over the United States Mint. They met with no

very agreeable welcome from the mob ; however, they accomplished their business, and retired to the ship unharmed. The next day was Sunday ; and while a thanksgiving service was held on the fleet in gratitude for the victory, the man on watch gave the alarm. The flag had been torn down. The men sprang to the guns without waiting for orders, and but for the chance removal of the wafers by which the charge is lighted, they would have fired on the city."

"I wish they had!" exclaimed Roger, with a flushed face. "Touching our Flag with their cowardly hands! They ought to have been blown to pieces."

"But not the women and children, and others who had no share in the deed. 'Old Glory,' as the men fondly call our banner, was insulted by the mob, trailed in the mud, and finally torn to shreds. But General Butler's rule restored order to the city ; and the man who tore down the flag—his name was Mumford—has since been hung for treason."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIEGE AND THE HOSPITAL.

THROUGH the winter the family had received but meagre news from Daniel. He had been in camp near Washington, drilling day after day, and filling his leisure hours with the lighter occupations of camp life. It was dull work, and he grew heartily tired of its inaction. The people complained, as month after month slipped by and the Grand Army of the Potomac lay idle, and were not satisfied with the explanation given that the ranks must be disciplined and the city defended. The rebels were suffered to blockade the Potomac, and to occupy Manassas, within thirty miles of our lines. They were also suffered to withdraw from both these places, in the latter part of March, without the loss of a single man or gun. Even the

good, forbearing President became impatient, and General McClellan, thus urged, after many discussions and delays, at last consented to a forward movement. In a letter dated in April, at Yorktown, Va., Daniel wrote :

We are now upon what is termed 'The Peninsula,'—that part of the State lying between the Potomac and James Rivers. Fortress Monroe and Big Bethel are not far distant, and Richmond lies only fifty miles to the southeast. It was a vast undertaking to transport us hither,—an army of over a hundred and twenty thousand men, with all the animals, baggage, and necessary equipage. The magnitude of the preparations struck me as wonderful, especially as they were all completed within a month's time. We arrived at this place on the fifth of April, and were set immediately to the task of shoveling up earth-works, for it was decided that the place should be taken by siege, not by assault. It is a monotonous, tiresome life we are living, little better than lying idle in camp; and the question of success seems to depend on the relative patience of the two armies. Whichever can endure this inactive life the longer will eventually triumph. As I see thousands of our brave fellows who would gladly volunteer in a storming-party, spending their strength shoveling the dirt, like so many day-laborers, I can but wish a more vigorous way might

have been chosen. The rebels have become accustomed to their Yankee neighbors, and seem little disturbed at their presence. When a good occasion offers, the pickets of the two armies frequently communicate in a friendly way. Our company was detailed last week for picket duty at an out-post. South Carolina men were opposite us. Through the day we 'sighted' and fired heartily enough at each other, but at dusk they hailed us good-naturedly, and grew confidential as the conversation proceeded. 'Say, Yank,' called a tall, thin-faced Carolinian to me, 'haven't you a swallow of whiskey to share with a feller?' I couldn't accommodate him with that article, but offered to throw him a hard-bread that was stowed away in my knapsack. He accepted the offer with readiness. 'Don't you have shingles (hard bread) over your way, Carolina?' I asked. 'No, they're played out; but we have fresh meat and sponge (soft bread).' 'Any salt or coffee?' 'Narey one; how can we get 'em, with salt selling at twenty dollars a sack in Richmond?' 'We'll put the prices down when we take charge there,' said I. 'Yes; I reckon you'll be whipped into flinders before you'll get sight of the place.' 'How's Uncle Jeff?' I asked. 'He's *peart* (well). Some of 'em down thar,' pointing to Richmond, 'is mighty oneasy thinking he's going to turn dictator; and the officers are picking quarrels between themselves all the time. We'll straighten things out, though; we're going to make 'way with you Yankees first.' I questioned him further about their supplies, and learned that coffee,

sugar, molasses, rice, and other articles, were not to be had within the rebel lines. It would seem, indeed, that they haven't a plenty of anything but cartridges, rank bacon, and water. Sometimes a few sassafras roots are boiled down as a substitute for tea. 'What's the price of soap in Dixie?' I asked, observing his soiled clothes. 'Oh, we've a right smart heap of it,' he answered, 'but we don't clean up till our dirty work is done.' I inferred from what my informant said that the military rule in Dixie, added to the high prices, and the frauds of Jews and other speculators, produce much discontent among the people. The fellow's frankness surprised me; he belonged to a class who are forced into the rebel ranks, and who talk about whipping the Yankees, but are glad enough to desert to our lines when a chance occurs. The next day a new set of pickets appeared, who were less friendly, and we interchanged no compliments, except those of the musket. Among our most serviceable men are Berdan's sharpshooters, and among these is a certain 'Old Seth,' a famous shot, and a character in his way. One night he was not on hand to answer his name at roll-call. His comrades thought he might have been 'picked off,' and a sergeant went out to search for his body. As he was hunting about carefully, in advance of the picket line, he heard a slight noise, and discovered the old chap crouched in a place of shelter. 'Is that you, my boy?' asked the sergeant. 'Yes, it's me. I've captured a gun.' 'Bring it in then.' 'Can't do it. Fetch me out a couple of haversacks full of grub,' he

added. 'That 'ere is *my* gun, and I'm bound the rebs shan't fire it again, while I can keep an eye to the windward.' In fact, the sturdy fellow had 'captured' one of their heaviest pieces by getting its exact range; hence any man who should attempt to load it was sure to meet his death. He kept a faithful watch, and the Johnnies were finally compelled to abandon their gun.

One thing we have which I wish Maedy and the boys could see,—a great balloon that goes on reconnoitering journeys above the enemy's works. One of our officers, General Porter, was in the basket the other day, watching the movements of some greybacks, while the balloon was anchored. The rope became loose, and he was suddenly borne high into the air, where he might have stayed indefinitely, had he not finally succeeded in pulling the valve-rope, and thereby let the gas escape. His unexpected ride, ending luckily without accident, was the source of much diversion to the men.

It is nearly time for us to go out on duty, for the shovel is not yet laid aside. This siege is most wearisome to mind and body. The life it necessitates seems anything but suited to an active, courageous army like ours; however, we must endure it and hope for better days.

Pray excuse my rambling letter. I believe this sort of work doesn't agree with me, judging by its effects for the last week or so; shall be all right, though, when we are allowed to have an open field and a fair fight, or when we 'bag' the Johnnies in this worthless place.

I shall delay mailing my letter a brief time, hoping to append this bit of good news.

A postscript was added, but not in Daniel's hand. He had fallen ill with a fever, and had been taken to a hospital. The writer, his nurse, forwarded the letter at his request. The same mail brought papers announcing that the rebels had left Yorktown on the fourth of May, and had escaped toward Richmond; thus disclosing the mortifying fact that our grand army had been held in check by eleven thousand rebels, who had been suffered to go their way without a struggle.

Aunt Ellen now urged a plan which she had long cherished, of offering her services as nurse in a soldier's hospital. Whenever she had alluded to it, Mrs. Warren had met her with many objections. She was not strong enough to undertake it, and home would be so lonely without her, they all said. Now, however, the family were troubled about Daniel, and were more willing to consider her suggestions.

"At least," said Aunt Ellen, "I can go to

him, and care for him while he is disabled. Think how dreadfully we should feel, if he should grow worse, or if anything should happen, and he off there alone. The mere sight of any one from home would give him hope and spirit. Let me go," she urged, "and see what I can do, and if the labor proves too much or too painful, I will come back." It was quite improbable that Aunt Ellen would give up a task once begun because of the difficulties attending it. But when the parents thought of their boy tossing on his hospital pallet, lonely and suffering, they were fain to listen to her plea. So they yielded at last, gratefully even, and the necessary arrangements for her departure were soon made. A friend who was going to Washington offered to take charge of her. Farewells were again spoken—for so long as the war raged, the sundering of families must be accepted as one of its bitter fruits; and in four days after the reading of Daniel's letter, Aunt Ellen was on her way to him. In the first letter sent home she said :

"You should have seen the look of perfect content that settled on Daniel's face after I was fairly installed in my new position. My arrival, he says, has done him more good than all the prescriptions of the doctors. I do not think him dangerously ill, though in need of good nursing, and prudent living. He is simply run down by his unusual labors before Yorktown. A slow fever set in, which is now I think yielding to the doctor's treatment; but he will not be able to return for several weeks, and now that there is some fighting on the Peninsula, he is literally 'in a fever' to get there."

As long as her patient staid with her, Aunt Ellen kept the family informed of his condition. When, however, he regained his strength and returned to the ranks, her duties increased on her hands, and left her little leisure. The children missed her sadly at first, but whenever the reports came of Daniel's improvement, and afterward stories of the invalid soldiers, and of the great conflict for the Union, they experienced an added pleasure in receiving her letters with those of Daniel and Horace.

One afternoon when the children came from the orchard, bringing the first pail full

of cherries, and their father returned from his labor in the field, the mother drew a letter from her pocket, saying, "News has come from Aunt Ellen, children, and I saved it till we should be all together to hear what she writes."

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Maddy. "How long have you had it? And how could you keep it by you without reading it?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Warren, "I was working the butter when your father came in, and as he couldn't stay to hear it, I satisfied myself that she was well, from the first few lines, and thought I would keep the rest to read to you."

"You *are* a good woman, mother, without joking," said Roger, with a mingling of affection and pleasantry, "and the next best is Aunt Ellen. Do read us the letter."

It was as follows:

— HOSPITAL,
July —th, 1862.

MY DEAR ONES AT HOME :

Since Daniel returned to the front I have been so busy that I have found little leisure for writing. At present I have five patients under my especial care, and in addition to these, I make frequent visits to other occupants of the ward ; reading aloud to one, writing a letter for another, making a bowl of broth for a third, and so on. We have not many of McClellan's men, most of them being in hospital quarters on the Peninsula. Those we have are mostly fever patients, caused by the unhealthy air of the swamps. It is painful to stand beside the surgeon, as his knife cleaves the living flesh, or while he saws the bone, and still more painful when the poor patient, restored to consciousness, submits to the daily bathing and dressing of his wounds. But I am already more than paid for coming here, by the consciousness that I can render some service to these brave soldiers, and that I am sharing in the sacrifice which is finally to insure the nation safety and peace. Many examples of patience and manly character are found among these disabled men. 'I'd lose my feet fifty times over, if I could thereby help on the good cause ;' said a man who had lost both of his. 'If you can help me, good lady, to get off this bed,' said another, wasted with fever, 'and stand in the ranks again, I shall remember you to the last day of my life.' 'I'm willing to wait,' said one, 'if I can only get on my pegs again, and follow the old flag ; that's all I want, at least till it's safe from

the rebels.' 'One more fight with the rebs,' is a common wish with these eager hearts. A few days since, a man was brought in with a dreadful hole through his cheek, and the head otherwise injured. He could with difficulty move his jaw, and upon examination the doctor pronounced the case hopeless. As I sat beside him through the last night of his life, he lay gazing at me with wistful eyes, as if anxious to speak. I did all in my power to minister to his comfort ; still the earnest eyes remained fixed on mine, till they made my heart ache with unavailing sympathy. A little night-lamp burned beside me ; beyond was darkness and silence. At last, with much effort, apparently, he parted his lips, and said in low solemn tones, 'Tell me *something true.*' 'Dear friend,' I said, after a moment's hesitation, 'Do you love our Saviour?' He pressed my hand in token of affirmation. "He is upholding you in this hour of pain. Perhaps He has come to take you to Himself. If so, you will soon be where *all* is true, and you will see Him who has promised to lead us into the Truth. Let not your heart be troubled ; but say to yourself, 'Thou art with me.'" He pressed my hand again ; the eyes were still fixed on mine, but the painful look gave place to one of peace. From time to time the hand pressure was gently repeated, and then I knew that he was comforting himself with the words, 'Thou art with me.' I also said them aloud occasionally, knowing that the weariness and sharpness of death were oppressing him. His eye-lids closed ; the hand pressed mine once more, but very

faintly ; he seemed to sleep, but he had gone to learn the truth from the Master himself.

I might mention many touching and noble words uttered by these men. Every day new patients arrive. I hear also that other hospitals are fast filling up. Had I a score of hands they could find abundant service in ministering to these disabled soldiers. It seems to me that, in this time of trial, we are all as one great household. We are drawing nearer to each other, and I believe when the tribulation is past, our love for the country will be deeper and purer than ever before. Certainly these men, lying so patiently and cheerfully on their pallets, appeal to my heart as if they were my own brethren.

But my leisure hour draws to a close. Let me hear from you all, and kiss the children night and morning for their ever loving

AUNT ELLEN.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY TO THE JAMES.

WITHIN a fortnight another letter came from Aunt Ellen. Her new duties multiplied on her hands, but her heart was absorbed in them.

“Connected with the hospital, she wrote, is a sitting-room supplied with books, papers, and other means of recreation, suitable to the place. Here service is held on Sunday, and here those of the patients who are recovering, pass much of their time. I sometimes spend an evening hour listening to these men as they recount their experiences in the camp and field. One of my patients who is now among these convalescents, gave me an account of the late battles on the Peninsula. I transcribe the substance of it for your benefit, in nearly his own words. Alluding to the retreat of the rebels from Yorktown, he said, ‘We privates consoled ourselves; for ‘now’s the time,’ we said, ‘for the long-looked-for fight.’ Yorktown proved to be of some advantage to us also; for the rebs thought it wasn’t safe to keep Norfolk, with us so near. General Wool went down there and made generous terms with the city officials.

But these rebels are strange folks. They don't know what generosity is, when it's shown them. After a Military Governor had been appointed, the crowd filled the streets with groans for Lincoln and cheers for Jeff. Davis, exactly as if we were the conquered, and they the ruling party. Somehow the secession fever takes away what little sense these folks ever had.'

'Then they lost the Navy Yard,' I said, remembering that it was near Norfolk.

'Yes, they burned it a second time; and they blew up their famous 'Virginia,' the ram that sunk the 'Cumberland,' you remember. They called her 'The Iron Diadem of the South.' She was never able to do much though, after the Monitor attacked her; and another such battle would most likely have used her up. But we learned that these things made a great panic in Richmond. Hundreds fled from the city. Davis sent away his family and appointed a fast-day. He himself was baptized and confirmed, thinking perhaps his day of doom was not far distant. 'Tisn't my place, being nothing more than a common private, to criticise my superiors. Nevertheless, many of us, I might say *most* of us, including many of the Generals of Divisions, were of the opinion that if, instead of stopping so long building bridges and waiting for the butternuts, amid the poisonous Chickahominy swamps, we had pressed quickly forward to their capital, we might have had it by this time; leastways we could only have failed in the attempt, and that with no more loss of life than we've had without making it.'

‘But the army did press on to Richmond,’ said I.

‘Part of the way. But we might as well never have started, as to set out and turn back. We fought the grey-backs at Williamsburg, you know, where they made a stand, twelve miles from Yorktown. Hooker engaged them there on the fourth of May. He’s always on hand, when such work is to be done, and in the army we call him ‘Fighting Joe.’ Kearney came up in the afternoon. He’s my General. He carries a lion heart, and a flame in his eye that shines brightest in the smoke of battle. He brought us to the field on the double-quick, and restored the broken line. As we came up we met a great number of wounded being brought off the field, and their cries made us feel rather sober. But when the bands hailed us with the national tunes, we forgot the toilsome march and bloody struggle, and mingled our cheers with those of our comrades on the field. Give me Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner for marching into battle! The rebels listened and trembled, for prisoners taken afterward said that when the music was heard in their lines, they were sure we were going to win. During the battle you might have seen Kearney holding his bridle between his teeth, and grasping his sword with his right arm; he has but the one—the other he lost in battle, years ago. Our prisoners said that their fellows tried in vain to shoot him. One rebel Colonel ordered his whole regiment, the Fifth Carolina, to aim at him, and the men did actually fire a volley, yet he escaped unhurt. The grey-backs call him ‘the one-

armed devil.' At one stage of the battle they took a position in which we could not see them, and were consequently at a loss how to fire. Nothing could be done for awhile. Kearney chafed at the delay, and when he could bear it no longer, he summoned his staff and rode down the length of the open field before us. The shots fell thick about him; some of the staff fell to the ground. When he reached the end of the line he turned to us, and said, 'You see, my boys, where to fire!' Such a General could lead his men up to the cannon's mouth. They would do anything for him.'

'General Hancock finally saved the day. He took possession of a redoubt that had been carelessly left unguarded. It was the commanding position of the field. When the Johnnies went up to dislodge him, he let them come within thirty paces, and then gave the order, 'Now, gentlemen, the bayonet.' The next moment we saw the column running and tumbling down the hill, and that night the whole force left the place to rejoin the main army under General Joseph Johnston. They left eighteen hundred men, disabled and prisoners, behind. We lost even more—about two thousand—but we took the place. The Sanitary chaps were on hand to give us help. Almost the first thing we saw when the smoke cleared away was a steamer laden with beds, blankets, sugar, oranges, lemons, and all manner of comforts for our wounded.'

I was obliged to retire to my post, beside a sick man's couch, where I watched till midnight. But the story of my soldier friend, and the patience and heroism

of our Grand Army, occupied my thoughts through the silent hours. One would think, with a wise and valiant leader, men like these could not fail of success. The control of such an immense body is as yet an experiment; but the result, in so far as it depends on the character of our soldiers, cannot fail to be favorable to our cause.

The next evening I took my convalescent his supper of milk toast and tea. He ate it with the relish of returning appetite, and said, 'When I was tormented with the fever down on the Chickahominy, and couldn't swallow the salt pork they gave me, I used to *dream* how these things tasted.'

'How glad the men must have been to get away from that deathly place!' I said.

'I guess they were. Two weeks we were laying roads, building bridges, and creeping forward, breathing the poisoned air till we looked like an army of ghosts. Fifty miles was all the headway we made in those two weeks.'

'And Johnston attacked you first. That was strange. One would suppose that as you were on the way to Richmond, you would have overtaken him, and compelled him to give battle.'

'There it is,' said the soldier, shrugging his shoulders. 'The rank and file can't explain the wherefores. We only know there was a mistake somewhere. The plans may have been wise enough, but they didn't work with vigor. In nearly all the battles we came off victors, but somehow we never gained a last-

ing advantage. Our force was divided ; we had one limb on this side the river, and one on that, like a man on horseback. A storm came up, too, such as had not been known for years, and swelled the stream till it looked impassable. Longstreet, Hill, and General W. Smith, all able confederate Generals, attacked our force at Seven Pines, on the last day of May, and beset us sorely. Our General Kearney again came to the rescue, but we couldn't reach the field till late in the afternoon. The men wore by order a bit of red flannel sewed on the sleeve, so that our General could distinguish us in the confusion of battle. We had made no advance, and were hardly pressed, when brave old Sumner—foremost among our fighting Generals—arrived. When he heard the roar of battle, he was impatient to be on the field, and when the order came for him to cross the river, his command, anticipating it, was in readiness to start. The bridge swayed violently on the waves. The men had no idea that they could cross upon it, and even the General's hope wavered when he reached the shore, and saw it tossed by the tumultuous stream. But when the weight of the solid column pressed upon it, the motion subsided ; it settled upon the stumps to which it was fastened, and the river was crossed in safety. They reached Fair Oaks, which is a few miles beyond the Seven Pines, late in the day, but in time to repel the enemy. We lost five thousand men in that bloody conflict.'

'And Fair Oaks was the nearest point to Rich-

mond that the army reached, if I remember rightly,' I added.

'Yes, we could see the spires of the city. The Butternuts tried to win back their reputation next day. They fought till eleven o'clock, and then gave up the attempt to 'annihilate' our army. Their Commander, Joseph Johnston, was wounded, and they had lost nearly seven thousand men.'

'After the death of Albert Johnston, at Pittsburg Landing, they could ill afford to lose the services of this man,' I remarked.

'That's so. They were in a desperate strait. The people were excited and terrified in Richmond, as we learned afterward. At a public meeting they resolved to burn the town as soon as the Yankees came in sight; for, you see, if we had pushed only a mile and a half further we could have sent shell into the city. But we never got there; and we shan't this summer. McClellan wouldn't hear to pressing forward; though if he'd said the word, the army to a man would have gone with eagerness. He's cautious enough, and prudent enough, but these very prudent folks sometimes overshoot the mark, and don't accomplish anything. Unless *he* shows a bold face the Butternuts will, and then we shall have to suffer for all this display of caution.'

I said nothing, but remembering McClellan's late dispatches, thought the attack on Richmond like some entertainments we hear of that are 'postponed on account of the weather.'

‘The grey-backs,’ he added, ‘will fight like dogs, when there’s any chance of winning. I have heard in the army that their officers sometimes give them rum and gunpowder before going into battle, to make them savage; and they are such an ignorant, half wild set, that once having seen’em, it’s not hard to believe such stories. Some of their sharpshooters are famous shots. I remember one who plagued us badly one day. He was up in a tree, in front of the line. We had to suffer from his musket until a Seneca Indian, belonging to the artillery, determined to see if he could dislodge the fellow. He covered himself with pine boughs so that you could not have told him from a tree, and slowly making his way toward the sharpshooter he waited long enough to tire out anybody but an Indian. The Butternut emptied his piece at last, and before he could re-load, our Indian took aim and told him to come down Johnny obeyed in a moment, for it was plainly a matter of life or death, and the Indian, with a stolid face, marched his prisoner into camp.”

Aunt Ellen closed her letter with affectionate messages to each member of the family. The same week brought tidings from Daniel down on the Peninsula.

He wrote :

“Life in the army has been full of gloom since my return, and as yet I can discern no ray of hope to illumine the future. As you may have heard, General Robert

Lee has succeeded Johnston as commander of the Rebel army, and has the reputation of a courageous and skillful soldier.

While we were waiting in the Dismal Swamps, digging earthworks and wearing away the precious days, he sent out one of his notable men, General Longstreet, with a body of Virginia troopers, who made the complete circuit of our army, with one swoop, capturing trains and inflicting considerable damage. Soon afterward Longstreet, in conjunction with other forces, gave us battle. Then began that most terrible week of the war—the Seven Days' Retreat, for such it proved to be. Stonewall Jackson was coming down the Shenandoah Valley, where he had been making havoc with our troops. The rebel army was reported to be much larger than its real number—about one hundred and fifteen thousand—and these, with other unfavorable circumstances, so worked upon McClellan's mind as to induce him to give up his siege of Richmond, and retreat to the James River. It was a sad decision for us, from the Corps Commanders down to the youngest recruit in the army. However, we kept up heart, if not hope, and made a manful stand on every battle-ground. We were willing to do or suffer anything for honor's sake; and those who died gave themselves cheerfully for the good cause. You've heard, perhaps, of Major Barnum, who fell on one of these fields. As he lay dying, he said to a friend beside him, 'Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended my wife, my boy, and my flag.' His last

question was about the battle, and when the doctor told him it bid fair to end in a victory for us, he exclaimed with his last breath, ' God bless the old fla—!' The conflict began on the twenty-fifth of June. On the twenty-sixth the Butternuts were repulsed at Mechanicsville, a point north of Richmond. The next day we fought them at Gaines' Mills, but failed to dislodge them; the next, we contested our passage across the Chickahominy; the next we gave battle at Savage Station; the next at Fraziers' Farm and through White Oak Swamp, and the last day, July first, at Malvern Hill. Here we turned at bay, and won a decided victory. The rebel Commander, General Magruder, managed his men so unskillfully, and showed throughout the struggle such want of capacity, that it is supposed he must have been drunk. I saw multitudes of rebels routed and running like sheep that afternoon, and our artillery did not cease firing till nine o'clock in the evening. It was a hardly fought field, and we sacrificed thousands of gallant soldiers upon it. At the close of the conflict, we supposed, of course, that we were to go in pursuit of the discomfited enemy. But such was not the intention of our General. On the contrary an order for retreat was issued. It is said that the Division Generals were indignant at the command, and that some refused even to obey it. The chivalrous Kearney protested against such a course with vehemence, and accused McClellan of cowardice or treason. He was afraid to venture, that is plain. He has shown signal ability in making the army what it is, and

in conducting it through this disastrous campaign. But it seems to us privates as if he had all along been *afraid* of the rebel army. Its numbers have always been exaggerated, and the time for attack has nearly always been deferred till it became inevitable. He has demanded reinforcements ; yet when fresh troops arrived and great preparations were made, the forward movement was still postponed. Disagreements too, we learn by recent disclosures, have existed between himself and the authorities at Washington. These doubtless have helped to the unfortunate result of the campaign. Malvern Hill was in reality a victory ; it was not estimated as such, however, and consequently its effect upon the army was that of an unavailing struggle. So through the weary, stormy night, we pushed our way to Harrison's Landing, where the gun-boats on the James could afford us protection ; and here we are, with fifteen thousand names of dead or disabled soldiers on the army rolls. Knowing what I do of Confederate humanity, I shudder to think of the fate of our comrades who languish in the Libby Prison at Richmond.

At Malvern Hill, one of our ablest men, General McCall, had a narrow escape from capture. He went out in the evening to reconnoitre, attended by Major Lewis, a member of his staff, who was the means of saving him. They saw danger ahead, it seems, and were making their way back, when a sentinel called, ' Halt,' just before them. ' Advance and give the countersign.' An orderly of the General's replied, ' Escort with the

General.' 'What is your name?' called the guard. 'Give him the name,' said the General, and 'General McCall' was responded. 'General *what*?' asked the sentinel. The officer in question himself rode forward and repeated, 'General McCall.' 'Of what army?' 'The army of the Potomac.' 'Yes, yes,' answered the interlocutor, 'but on what side?' 'The command of Major-General McClellan.' You can readily imagine the rebel sentinel's reply. There was a rattling of musket balls. Major Lewis, however, had discerned the true state of things, and was ready for an instantaneous gallop. He seized the General's bridle, and in a twinkling they were off. They escaped a score of balls, and rode into camp uninjured, where they were rallied a good deal upon their visit to the enemy's lines. But I must stop, hoping in my next to send you better tidings. We shall assuredly succeed in the end, for we are fighting in defence of Freedom and Truth. With love to all, I am,

Ever your affectionate

DANIEL.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—"MY MARYLAND."

"AH," said Mrs. Warren, as she glanced one evening at the list of killed and wounded in the paper, "how many mourning homes these names will make! We've had battle after battle, and still the slaughter continues; and peace is as far distant as in the beginning. When will this dreadful war end, and give us back our children?"

"The good time will come, assuredly," said Mr. Warren. "One fact alone should make us hopeful—the number of able military men that have arisen within less than two years of war. Men of brilliant minds and noble hearts are to be found in our armies, and these, by wisdom and experience, will be able to turn to advantage in

the future even the mistakes that have been made."

"The Confederates think they have some great men, too," said Frank. "Stonewall Jackson, for instance. What a troublesome customer he is! Mr. Walker says he's a Christian, and that he reads the Bible and prays a great deal; and yet he's doing all he can to work the ruin of his country."

"They're all of a pack," said Roger. "I don't believe in pious traitors. They ought to be turned out of church, *I* say."

"It *is* hard," said Mr. Warren, "to understand how a sincerely good man can turn traitor to the mildest and best government on the earth. This Jackson, like so many others who have tried to defend the crime of Slavery, is probably self-deceived. Such men having devoted themselves to the upholding of a great wrong, are thereafter unable to discern between the true and the false. He was, without doubt, misled by the errors in which he was educated. He has a wonderfully keen, sagacious mind, and has given us great trouble in the

Shenandoah Valley, chasing our forces from point to point, and always eluding our pursuit. He forced General Banks, after several fruitless contests, to retreat from the Valley."

"Isn't Winchester down there somewhere?" asked Roger. "Don't you remember Frank, I cut out a story for you of the woman picking up a quarter?"

"General Banks occupied the town at one time," said the Father. "What's the anecdote, Frank?"

"Why, some of our soldiers took away an American flag from a young woman who was ripping it up. It seems she wanted to make a 'Secesh' streamer of it. They hung it out, but the women of the place would go into the street rather than pass under the 'rag,' as they called it. And here's the story," he continued, reading from his scrap book :

"One day some roguish fellows of the Maine Tenth placed a silver quarter directly under the flag ; and soon after, a disdainful young miss approaching it, stepped from the sidewalk as usual. But the bright coin met

her eye and won her heart. As she stooped to pick it up, the Maine fellows were too much pleased at the success of their *ruse* to restrain a hearty shout of laughter."

"That's a new way of 'giving quarter' to the enemy," added Roger. "Read us some more, Frank."

"Here's something else about the women there," said Frank.

"When the troops retreated through Winchester, a wounded soldier sank down on the steps of a house, and while he lay there a woman came out and began to talk with him. 'What a pretty little pistol you have,' she said. 'A revolver, I suppose. May I look at it?' The man suspecting nothing wrong, drew it from his belt and handed it to her. She put it to his head, saying, 'I want no Yankee to rest his bones on my steps; be off, or I'll kill you.' The soldier rose and limped a few steps forward, when the inhuman woman fired and killed him on the spot.

It was with quite another spirit that General Banks, on his way northward, picked up a little black girl—a waif by the roadside. 'She will perish here,' he said, and lifted her to a seat upon one of the artillery wagons. The government officials are puzzling themselves over the course to be pursued toward the slaves. They are, thus far, unable to decide the question; but events are daily teaching these poor

people that the conflict for the Union is working out their deliverance.

“This Stonewall Jackson is about the best General they have, isn’t he?” asked Roger. “And all the chaps that made such a noise in the beginning—Jeff Davis and his friends—we don’t hear anything about their fighting.”

“No ; none of the original conspirators have ventured on the field, or if they have, they haven’t staid there. Stonewall, or to call him by his right name, Thomas J. Jackson, is probably the ablest General opposed to us. It is believed that we might have been in Richmond to-day but for him. He alarmed McClellan by threatening to capture his supplies, and at the same time, the people in Washington thought he would march upon the city ; and thus, by the rapid and sagacious movements of his ‘Stonewall’ brigade of fifteen thousand, he kept in check full sixty thousand men, and captured large numbers of prisoners and a vast amount of war material. In August, our scattered

forces in the Valley were combined under the name of 'The Army of Virginia,' and assigned to the command of General Pope ; but he, too, has been foiled by his keen and wary opponent."

"It's a pity they couldn't catch him," said Frank.

"All their efforts, thus far, have failed. The war in the Valley has been something like the game 'I spy' that you children play. Our Generals are on the lookout for Jackson, but he manages to reach the goal first, and is in readiness to attack them when they come up. They had an engagement at Cedar Mountain on the ninth of August, when Banks' corps fought gallantly, and some of the best blood of the army was shed, but all in vain. Jackson retired next day, and was pursued some distance by our troops."

"Fighting among the mountains!" said Frank, "I'd like to see a battle there. What echoes the cannon must make!"

"A mountain side is generally considered a favorable position for batteries, as it

proved, in this instance, to the enemy. The National troops had crossed the hills and forded the streams of northeastern Virginia in many wearisome marches. They had toiled and fought till one would think they must be utterly exhausted; yet their spirit is unsubdued. I remember reading of a soldier who was found apart from his company, and questioned by an officer who thought he might be 'skulking.' 'I've had a hand in the fight,' said the soldier, lifting one of his own, which was mangled and bleeding, 'an' if I git so's to load my gun ag'in, you'll see me in the front.' While the surgeon was binding up the shattered hand, he said quaintly: 'I don't keer nothin' 'bout that air third finger, for 'twan't of no account; but the p'inter an' t'other one, they was *useful*, an' I hate to lose 'em.' As soon as the operation was done, he turned to a looker-on and said: 'Stranger, ef you'll jes' load up my shootin'-iron for me, I'll thank yer. I want ter have a little satisfaction out o' them Butternuts for sp'ilin' my fore-paw.' He

staid in the ranks till nightfall, and probably obtained the desired satisfaction.

“General Pope was unfortunate in his campaign, and was obliged to fall back toward Washington, for now not only Stonewall Jackson, but Lee, with the army that had raised McClellan’s siege of Richmond, was advancing upon the region between the Blue Ridge and Washington. On the twenty-seventh of August began another series of battles which we may call the Five Days’ Conflict, ending in the second battle of Manassas, or Bull Run.

“But, children,” added Mr. Warren, glancing at the clock, “you have given me no time to read the news this evening. We must stop now, and to-morrow or some other day we will talk further of the campaign in Virginia and Maryland.”

The golden days of autumn had come, with their store of sheaves and fruit. The children went upon long rambles after blackberries, of which mamma promised to

make some wine for the sick soldiers. Soon the nuts, also, began to ripen, and longer excursions after these absorbed their holidays. One mellow afternoon as they were returning from a ramble in the woods, they heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

"There's the mail train," said Frank. "Let's go round by Main Street, and stop at the post-office. We shall get there by the time the mail is opened, and perhaps we'll get a letter."

Yes, there was one, and much to the gratification of the children, it was from Daniel.

"How happy mamma will be!" said Maedy; for lately Daniel's messages had been brief and hurried—perhaps, because he had no very good news to tell. They told of fighting and marching, and spoke sometimes of weariness, but never of despondency. He was in good health and spirits, and promised to write more fully hereafter. The children felt of the letter. It must be at least a full sheet; and they

hastened home to give it to the mother and learn its contents.

"We are far away from Richmond, now," he wrot. "Our General abandoned the plan of advancing upon the city by way of the James River. Soon after, Pope assumed command in northeastern Virginia, and we struck northward. I suppose this of all others was the step that General Lee wished us to take. It is, therefore, a matter of regret that we were forced to it. However, we made a good retreat, hoping to win success on other fields. As we marched down the Peninsula, I thought I should like to station myself in a tree by the roadside and see the Grand Army pass by. Our wagons alone formed a train of twenty-six miles; and these, together with the artillery, ambulances, and the long columns of cavalry and infantry, we computed would form a solid column eighty miles long. Truly, such an army, rightly led, ought to be able to cope with its foes. It was a consoling thought as we marched, that we were leaving the 'James River fever,' and many other ills behind us. Part of our force was sent forward to Pope, who was still pursued by Stonewall Jackson. The latter was near Manassas Junction, and as General McDowell with a considerable force occupied a position between him and the main body of the rebel army, it was hoped that we might capture the rebel General. But the plan was defeated by an error in the disposal of our troops, and by the swift movements of Jackson. He was reinforced by Longstreet's Division spite of our

efforts to surround him, and gave us battle on the 29th and 30th of August in the region of the former battlefield of Bull Run. Here, for a second time, our arms were unfortunate. We lost between seven and eight thousand men. These disastrous days, together with the 31st, when a struggle took place at Chantilly, were the last of the Five Days' Conflict, terminating Pope's campaign. At the last-mentioned place fell one of our foremost men—brave Phil. Kearney—as true and noble a soldier as any knight of the olden times. His death was in keeping with his character. He advanced upon Stonewall Jackson in the midst of a furious thunder storm, and riding recklessly forward, close to the rebel lines, he was shot dead. After he fell, our men were rallied for a bayonet charge, and drove the rebels from the field. Kearney's Division mourn their loss unaffectedly. A more gallant commander they can never have. After these reverses we retreated to the defences of Washington. Pope's army was embodied in our own, and 'Little Mac' began our re-organization. How it has happened that, with our numbers, our fine equipments, our brave officers, we have been worsted on the Peninsula, in the Shenandoah Valley, and Northern Virginia, I cannot explain, unless by the supposition that we have been *outgeneraled*. Lee was probably elated by the results of the summer campaign, for hardly were we well inside our defences when news came that the rebel army had crossed into Maryland. At last, then, their threat of fighting us on Northern soil was to be put in execution. Then

came the proclamation of this 'army of liberation,' and the Richmond papers which occasionally reached us were filled with glowing prophecies for the people of the invaded State. They had only to rise, to welcome their delivery, and they should be forever freed from the Lincoln 'despotism.' But could you have seen the wretched beings that confronted us at Antietam, you would not wonder at the indifference manifested by our Maryland friends to this benevolent army. Gaunt, ragged, shoeless, covered with dirt and vermin, they looked more like a horde of half savage tribes come to devour the substance of the bountiful land, than as liberators of it. I am ready to believe what one of my comrades said of Jackson's men—so wretchedly filthy were they that the very air of a place in which they had passed the night was tainted, he affirmed. The Butternuts marched into the State seventy thousand strong, singing, 'Maryland, my Maryland,' during the first week of September; at the end of a fortnight they hurried out of it panic-struck, with an army diminished by thirty thousand men unfit for service.

As soon as the tidings of Lee's advance reached us, our army was put in motion westward toward Harper's Ferry, which was endangered. But we were too late to save it from surrender to Stonewall Jackson by its traitorous commander, Colonel Miles. Our march was slow and hesitating—not more than seven miles a day; and there was the ridge to cross, named South Mountain, whose passes were not to be gained without bloodshed; a battle took place at each of

them, Turner's and Campton's Gap, and at each our resolute divisions pushed their way through. Once across the mountain, we were suddenly brought to a halt by the Antietam River, on whose opposite shore was paraded the rebel infantry. And here on the 17th was fought the great battle of the summer. Much of the field was literally soaked in blood, for both sides fought with the utmost determination. On our right the scene of the contest was a ploughed corn-field, bordered on the rebel side with woods. Twice they pushed us from our ground by bringing up fresh troops, and twice did we return to it, driving the greybacks into the woods. In the outset we encountered Jackson and his famous brigade; but they were reduced in numbers, fatigued by their previous labors, and were compelled to yield ground before us. 'Fighting Joe' Hooker led the advance. During the second struggle for this field, after we had been repulsed by fresh rebel troops, he was severely wounded, and obliged to leave the field. General Sumner then took command of the left. At this juncture the tide of battle rolled like a flood over the contested field. The rebels fought with a valor born of desperation. The 34th New York was well-nigh destroyed. A mere fragment of the regiment remains. Our 15th Massachusetts went to the front six hundred strong, but only a hundred and thirty-four men returned; the remainder perished. A fresh corps was ordered to the relief of the sorely-pressed centre and left, and General Smith was ordered to retake the

corn-field. He obeyed without delay ; his regiments swept forward on a run, cheering as they went, and in ten minutes the foe was routed. Thus, the ground was retaken for a third time, and thereafter it was held. On the other side of the stream, Burnside was holding his men in reserve, when he received the order to cross the bridge and carry the neighboring heights. This was finally accomplished late in the afternoon ; but a fresh division of the greybacks had arrived meantime, and directed their fire against Burnside's ranks. Members of McClellan's staff say that a messenger rode to him in urgent haste, asking for troops and guns, and stating that without them Burnside could not hold his position another half hour. Our General glanced at the sky, and replied in a low distinct voice : ' Tell General Burnside this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more ; I have no infantry.' As the messenger rode away, he called him back, saying, ' Tell him if he *cannot* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man ; always the bridge ! If that is lost, all is lost.' The struggle was sharp ; our men were driven to the water's edge ; but at dark, when the battle ceased, the bridge on our left and the corn-field on our right were held by the Army of the Union.

No pursuit was attempted the next day, although fourteen thousand men came to our aid in the morning. And I learn that many of our ablest Generals consider this inaction as a great error. Lee was driven out of

Maryland as the result of this dreadful struggle ; and as we held the ground, we consider ourselves the victors. We suffered, however, quite as much injury as we inflicted ; hence, the Confederates will assume it to be a drawn battle. It was the bloodiest day that ever dawned upon America. About twenty thousand men—can you imagine so many?—were the victims of the battle, and at least twelve thousand of these were in the Union ranks. Hooker and Sumner, two of our veteran braves were among the nine Generals injured on our side ; most of the others were killed. An equal number of rebel Generals were also among the killed and wounded, and the task of burying the dead appeared an endless one. To this dreadful field, heaped high with stiffened or writhing bodies, the good angels—for such they seemed—of the Sanitary Commission came with their bales of bed-clothing, barrels of lint and bandages, loads of farina, condensed milk, crackers, lemons, garments, medicines. The Christian Commission was also represented, and it is reported that at least a thousand lives were saved by the humane efforts of its agents. One of them, a kind-hearted clergyman, told me of a number of rebels he found wounded and deserted, lying in a barn-yard. He fed them, and then began to wash one of the men, when he noticed two tears rolling down his face. ‘What is the matter? Do I hurt you?’ he asked. ‘No,’ said the man ; but the tears fell faster than ever, and soon the poor fellow began to sob. ‘Tell me what is the trouble,’ said the agent. ‘I cannot go on washing unless you will tell

me.' 'Matter enough,' was the reply. 'You call us rebels, and I suppose we are; for we fought agin the old Flag. But when we're wounded, you come to us here like Jesus Christ himself, washing our feet. I can't stand it, I can't.'

One of our soldiers, who was dying after three days of pain, looked up with a smile to the agent near him, and said: 'My case is not so bad as it might be. My neighbor here has been dead three days.' 'Yours is a blessed state,' said the agent, 'if in this extremity you have no complaint to utter.' 'Why should I,' said the soldier. 'I would not change my place here with that of a prince.' 'And what makes you so happy?' 'Christ is with me here. I remember that He suffered for me more than I endure now.'

My letter is already too long, and I must only add a line or two. We all hoped after the battle that we should be led after the greybacks, and attack them before they returned to Richmond. But despite the fine Autumn weather, and the urgent wishes of the Washington officials, this was not to be. McClellan urged one excuse after another, and delay followed delay, while the rebels grew bold in their flight, and sent back General Stuart, the 'untiring,' who made a swoop with his cavalry entirely around our army, and continued his raid as far as Chambersburg, Penn., where the Johnnies exchanged their rags for new clothes, burned Government buildings and supplies, and left their compliments to the Union General who was hunting for them. In organizing an army, making plans, and winning the

affection of the troops, McClellan assuredly has power. But the officers of Government could not, it seems, be assured that with all his military knowledge, he was a man of ready and decisive action. And one would think that, after so long a trial, their doubt was a reasonable one. Accordingly, he was superseded in command by General Burnside on the 7th of November, and left us at Warrentown. At the last moment, as the soldiers crowded about him for a parting word, he simply said, 'I wish you to stand by Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well.' And whether we fare well or ill, the whole army is, I believe, resolved to heed his request.

On Thanksgiving, if the rebels do not hinder us, our boys have a 'company' dinner. I must delay my visit home till another time, for the campaign is not yet closed. But there's a good time coming; I haven't the least doubt of it. With a heart full of love to all,

I am, as ever, yours,

DANIEL."

Months after the arrival of this letter, the mother read to the assembled circle the beautiful ballad of "Barbara Frietchie," and Frank learned it to speak at his school exhibition. When the rebels entered Frederick, Md., and all the Union flags were lowered, this aged heroic woman "took up the flag the men hauled down."

"In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced,—the old flag met his sight.

'Halt!' The dust-brown ranks stood fast,
'Fire!' Out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window-pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head;
But spare your country's flag!' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

'Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on,' he said.

All day long through Frederick Street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tossed,
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it a warm good night.

* * * * *

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law.

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town.

The mother also told them of Ishmael Day, a Methodist veteran of the war of 1812, who would not allow his flag to be touched by a traitor's hand. Two weeks before the invasion of Maryland, a visitor at his house asked if the flag would be kept floating in case the rebels came. "Yes," answered the old soldier; "It shall, indeed, and I'll shoot the first of them who dares touch it, if I lose my life the next minute." He kept his word, and was forced to seek refuge in the woods, whence he saw the burning of his dwelling and farm buildings.

"Seventy winters and three had shed
Their snowy glories on Ishmael's head;
But though cheeks may wither, and locks grow gray,
His fame shall be fresh and young away—
Honor be to old Ishmael Day!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

DANIEL was not coming home for Thanksgiving,—that was “too bad,” said the children. But Aunt Ellen was; and watching for her at the window, who should they discover assisting her from the carriage, but Horace. The big, brown-faced brother, with frank, steady eyes that looked as if they feared no evil or peril, and yet that twinkled so gaily when the children, after the first shy moments, clambered upon his lap and asserted their absolute claims to his person and consideration,—how did he “manage” to surprise them so delightfully?

“Well, Aunt Nell had written,” he said, “informing him of her intended visit. He had been trying for weeks to get a short

furlough, and having obtained it just in the 'nick of time,' to meet her at Washington, he determined to spend Thanksgiving at home, too." So here he was. The same train that bore homeward the travelers brought his letter announcing the intended visit.

He was a hearty, stalwart young fellow, with the appetite, as he affirmed, of "six dragoons;" and his soldierly ways and sayings were a source of much diversion to the children. At first he would not sleep in the comfortable bed his mother made ready for him. "Too much fuss and feathers," he said, "for a fellow who had slept out-doors like an Indian." So he rolled himself in his grey blanket, opened the window, and lay on the carpet, despite all persuasions to the contrary. He disliked to stay long in a warm room, and was continually going out to breathe the fresh air in which he had lived for so many months. And during the fortnight he spent at home, if there was wood to be hauled or split, snow to be shoveled, or

any other hard out-door work to be done, it was left, at his own request, for him ; so little did he relish an inactive life. Every recital of his own experience as a soldier was esteemed by the children as wonderful an achievement as any recorded in the fairy books ; and they were inclined to consider Horace, though much better natured than the fabulous personages they had read of, as a being of quite as extraordinary prowess and endowments.

He told them, among other stories, of a daring expedition into Alabama, in which he and his comrades were led by General Mitchell,—“one of our noblest men,” he said. “When he was a boy twelve years old, he was thrown out upon the world, and took care of himself, working for four dollars a month. He was fond of books, and when he grew to manhood he became an astronomer, and a Christian gentleman. In the army he proved himself to be a valiant soldier also. He made war by railroad, and used to lay miles of track, or destroy as many more, when operating

against the rebels. He did gallant service in Kentucky and Tennessee, and was sent on this Alabama Expedition to cut railroads and intercept rebel supplies. The men built their own bridges across the streams, and marched so swiftly that they always took the greybacks by surprise."

"He'd have been a good one to send after Stonewall Jackson," interposed Roger.

"Mitchell would have caught him, if anybody could," said Horace. "A few miles this side of Huntsville we were stopped by a deep river, and the problem was, how to get across; for we could not possibly spare the time to bridge it. 'There is but one chance for us, my boys!' said our General, riding into the water. 'Will you follow me?' 'Yes, yes,' we all shouted, and plunged in after him. That night we slept awhile in our dripping clothes, and then by a forced march, made with the utmost stillness, we neared the town of Huntsville. We met a negro, who told us of a big rebel force who 'would eat us up for sho';' but Mitchell went on, deter-

mined to do his work. We cut the telegraph wires, tore up the track to the right and left of the town, and made a dash into it, which must have taken away the enemy's appetite, for we were not 'eaten up;' but as the result of the General's plan, two hundred miles of railroad were guarded by Union troops, and the rebel supplies were cut off. Among other places, we went to Bridgeport, and on the way we came to a river whose bridge had been burnt by the enemy. Near by was a fort, faced with cotton bales; for the Butter-nuts meant to defend the bridge, but were frightened away by our approach. Our General having no better material at hand, made a bridge of the cotton bales, and we crossed upon them.

"Why, how could you?" asked Frank.
"How did he make it?"

"I guess no one but himself could tell. He fastened the bales together by running rails under the ropes that bound them, and what with planks, ropes, rails, cotton, and

a great amount of ingenuity, he made the bridge and we crossed over it safely."

"There were other railroads further south to be cut; but no considerable body of men could venture with any safety so far into the enemy's country. Twenty-three were chosen for the undertaking; they traveled in groups, disguised, and were to meet at a certain day at Marietta, down in Georgia, two hundred miles distant. Near this place was a station at which, as one of the party discovered, the engineer and other employees of the railroad stopped for breakfast every morning; and one day when the railroad hands were engaged at their meal, with no thought of any Yankees near them, our fellows unhitched the forward part of the train from the passenger cars, and sped away, swift as steam could carry them. They cut the telegraph wires, and after crossing the first bridge, paused to burn it; but the astonished rebels were now aroused and following hard after them. There was no time to lose; the bridge was left, a few rails torn up, the enemy still gain-

ing upon them. Then they dropped the baggage cars, leaving the fragments of them on the track and dashed ahead with desperation, pursued by three cars filled with an armed force. The fuel and water were almost gone; evidently they could use the engine only a few minutes longer. 'To the woods,' cried the leader. 'Let each look out for himself. Save yourselves who can.' They dispersed, and were hunted night and day. Two of them reached our lines again, nearly dead with hunger and fatigue. The others were killed or captured; but we know they met their fate with firmness. Some of them are lodged to-day in a prison in East Tennessee, waiting for our boys to come with the Stars and Stripes, and proclaim liberty to those who sit in darkness. The plan failed, not for want of courage or energy, for the gallant fellows did all that mortals could do."

"Did you hear that, father?" asked Roger. "Wasn't it a daring race—two

hundred miles into the Southern country ! Where's your General now, Horace ? ”

“ Oh,” said the brother, “ he's gone up among the stars, perhaps, that he loved to watch and study when he was with us.”

“ He was called eastward,” said Mr. Warren, and was sent, in September, to South Carolina, where he had arranged an expedition to cut the railroad between Charleston and Savannah ; but meantime he was seized with the yellow fever, and died. He was a man of noble spirit and brilliant talents ; yet he trusted not in these alone for a successful life. He had faith in God, and in his last moments, with his finger pointing heavenward, he said, ‘ I am ready to go ! ’ ”

“ What a heap of places you Western fellows have taken ! ” said Roger. “ You're ahead of our Grand Army of the Potomac, and all the rest of them, this year certainly. What else did you get ? ”

“ Well,” said Horace, smiling at Roger's praise, “ our boys took Fort Pillow, and then Memphis, which is close by it. But I

wasn't there, for it was taken by a part of Foote's fleet, under Commander Davis. That was one of the strongest secesh cities in the South," he added. "It was the centre of treason in the Southwest. They had raised a great deal of money to defend the city. Ladies held fairs, and gave their jewelry; and with the funds thus obtained, a fleet of eight gun-boats was built. All the citizens capable of bearing arms were summoned to the defence, and the people said they would burn the city rather than surrender. But the logic of mortars and rams generally brings such boasters to their senses. When the rebels are confronted by a score of cannon mouths ready to speak, having no choice but submission or destruction, they seldom hesitate to accept the former. Our ships carried steam batteries which threw volumes of scalding vapor over the decks of the enemy, and after a hot time, of little more than an hour, their fleet retired, with five of its eight boats disabled. The fort, which was a very strong one, was evacuated soon

after, and when the rebel fleet next defied our mortars in front of Memphis, on the morning of the sixth of June, all of the boats but one were sunk or captured, and the city surrendered. Our boys say that at a newspaper office in this city they found a challenge from a southern *woman*. It was badly written and spelled; and requested any 'Black Republican lady of character to meet me at Masons and Dixon line with a pair of Colt's repeaters,' etc. It was signed with the woman's full address. What was strange in all this fighting, as at New Madrid and Island Number Ten, no Union soldier was killed. Colonel Ellet, commanding the mortar fleet, was the only one wounded. The rebels now hold but one important place on the river—Vicksburgh; with this exception, the entire Mississippi, from St. Paul to New Orleans, is traversed by boats with our flag at the mast-head."

"Well," said Roger, "that's very good as far as it goes,—and it goes about three thousand miles, doesn't it? We'd like

some more of the same sort, Horace, if you have it to tell."

"You were talking to father yesterday of Corinth," said Frank; tell us all about what happened there, will you?"

"Ah, we gave 'em Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia combined, at Corinth. That was a grand victory. We had to fight for it, though! It was at once terrible and glorious. We gained it under 'Old Rosey,' or General Rosecrans, as you call him. He was Commander of our army of the Mississippi."

"We've heard of him," said Frank. Where was he? Don't you remember, Roger?"

"Last year he fought the greybacks in Western Virginia, and drove them out of the State. In the West, too, he has been very active and successful. He attacked General Price with his army of eleven thousand at a town called Iuka, on the nineteenth of September. The ground was of the enemy's choosing, and 'Rosey' himself had only twenty-eight hundred

men; but he sent the Johnnies flying, with a loss of over fourteen hundred on their side. After the battle he was promoted to a Major-Generalship, and made his headquarters at Corinth, Miss., which, after our triumph at Pittsburg Landing, had been abandoned by the rebels. But they were anxious to get it back again, and to drive out all the Union garrisons in Tennessee. To do this they mustered all their available forces. Price's, Van Dorn's, Lovell's and others, nearly forty thousand men altogether, and advanced upon the town. They knew the character of the works, and knew also that their numbers were nearly double our own. But Rosecrans had learned their intentions by means of his cavalry, which he calls the 'eyes of the army,' and had laid his own plans. He let them come up quite close, on what was supposed to be our weak side, and early in the morning of the third of October they saw our breakfast fires and got range upon us. We drew in our lines, stood on the defensive, and fought steadily,

without however any apparent advantage as the result. The Butternuts took the triumph for granted, and, as we learned afterward, Van Dorn sent a telegram to Richmond announcing a splendid victory and the possession of Corinth with its vast stores as a matter of undoubted certainty. But he had not yet learned the mind of our Boys in Blue on that subject.

“Early on the fourth an officer rode up to Rosecrans and said: ‘General, the enemy is planting a battery within two hundred yards of Robinette,’ which is one of our redoubts. ‘Let them plant it,’ said our General, without a trace of anxiety on his fine face. There was no reason for it either, for at daylight we heard the roaring of our twenty-pound Parrotts, and in three minutes the rebel guns were deserted. Later, the greybacks sallied forth in a long wedge-shaped mass; but such a tempest as our well-posted artillery hurled upon them, you never dreamed of. From every direction came the shells and balls, and it seemed as if no mortal could live among them. The men pressed

up towards our ramparts with bent heads and averted faces, as one would meet a driving hail storm. In the outset they gained a partial success, but it was not a lasting one; and we finally drove them, ragged and wavering, down the hill into the swamps and woods beyond.

“But the turning-point of the battle was the assault of ‘Robinette,’ which they executed with great spirit. All their other movements had failed. It remained for Van Dorn to try his fortune, and if possible to turn the tide against us; and he staked his success on the carrying of this redoubt. Had they been anything but Secessionists, how gladly would we have grasped hands with them, as worthy comrades in a noble strife! Right in the face of death a column of two thousand men, led by a Texan, Colonel Rogers, charged up to our guns. From the moment that he cried ‘Forward!’ and the men started, our Parrotts poured shot and shell, grape and canister, upon them, making great rents in their lines, which were closed as soon as

made, without a pause in the march. Two hundred of them fell on the way. The column reached the ditch and paused an instant to gather itself for the coming onslaught. Foremost on the edge stood Texan Rogers, waving his flag, and with the free hand firing his pistol, flushed with the nearness of the triumph. The next instant a ball, sent by a loyal hand, struck him dead. We double-shotted our guns; the rebels were mowed down and fell thick as autumn leaves. A huge pile of bodies lay before the redoubt. We clubbed our muskets, drove at them with bayonets, and felled them with our fists. They fought with desperation; we with an equal determination. But they fought in vain, and in a moment, so it seemed to us, they broke from us with a howl of rage and dismay. Those who in the confusion were left behind, made signs of submission, and begged us 'for God's sake' to spare them."

"What a terrible struggle!" exclaimed Frank, drawing a long breath after the sus-

pense with which he had listened to this description.

“Aye, that it was! But in all the carnage and uproar, our men were inspired by the sight of a splendid eagle, belonging to the Eighth Wisconsin, who, instead of colors, carry this bird perched aloft on a standard. They called him ‘Old Abe,’—after our President, I suppose,—and in all the battles of the regiment he has conducted himself honorably. While we were fighting, he would often leave his post and soar above the right or left of our lines, greeted everywhere by cheers from the ranks. Whenever his own regiment applaud him thus, he spreads his wings, and will often hold in his beak one of the small flags attached to the perch; but to the huzzas of other regiments he yields no acknowledgment. When the men are ordered to lie down, he crouches upon the ground with them, returning to his perch as soon as they rise. When General Price saw him soaring over our heads, he gave command to capture or kill him if possible,

adding that he 'would rather take that bird than a whole brigade.'

"The spirit of the rebels was broken by the failure to carry Robinette, and gathering themselves in as good order as possible, they retreated from the field. Our troops were eager to pursue, though we had been on the march or in action for above forty-eight hours. The order was given to rest till early morning, and then start with five days' rations on the enemy's track. Fresh troops also joined us in the morning, and they chased the Butternuts forty miles, gathering up hundreds of stragglers and deserters. The cavalry pursuit was continued sixty miles, and our boys would have gone even farther had they not been recalled by orders from Grant, Commander of the Department. The enemy's loss was between five and six thousand men, beside a great number of ammunition and other wagons, which they were compelled to blow up. We took also from them battle-flags, guns, and thousands of small arms. Our loss was about twenty

three hundred, including many noble officers killed and wounded."

"If I were a soldier," said Franklin, "I should try to take a battle-flag; I'd like to have the honor of capturing it."

"It's worth striving for, assuredly," replied Horace; "but you have the whole regiment to defy you in the encounter. During the charge upon Robinette, an attack was made upon one of our Ohio regiments, with the intention of breaking our lines. When the greybacks were within six yards of our men, a private named Gould shot their color-sergeant, and rushed forward to seize the flag. The rebel officer shouted to his men to 'save the colors,' and in the same instant, he shot our boy in the breast. But, nothing daunted, Gould grasped the banner, and waving it defiantly before the enemy, made his way back with the bullet in his breast. When the battle was over, the Colonel of the regiment visited the hospital and found the young fellow lying on a cot, evidently in great pain; but when he recognized his

officer, his face brightened with a smile, and touching his wound, he said, 'Colonel, I don't care for this, since I got the flag.'"

CHAPTER XII.

FREDERICKSBURG.

JUST before Aunt Ellen and Horace left, news came from Daniel, who would so gladly have made one in the happy reunion at home; but there had been work to do in the army—unavailing work, it is true—though not the less earnestly and nobly done.

“In my last,” he wrote, “I alluded to Burnside, McClellan’s successor in command of the army. His first move was away from the region occupied by Lee’s forces, toward Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock. His plan, probably, was to advance upon Richmond from that point, it being about half-way between the rebel capital and Washington. The long march accomplished, we were delayed for a week for pontoon trains wherewith to cross the river, and meantime the rebel army were untiring in their work of fortifying the neighboring heights. Our engineers had succeeded in laying a part of the trains before daylight

on the morning of the 11th December; but so murderous was the fire of the rebel sharpshooters that they were unable to proceed. A bombardment was then ordered, and within an hour the city was wrapped in smoke and flame; still the sharp-shooters were beyond the range of our guns, and the bridge-laying was not practicable until a number of men belonging to the 7th Michigan, supported by the 19th and 20th Massachusetts, offered to go over and dislodge the greybacks from their shelter. They pushed off the boats amid a shower of bullets, and rowed defiantly to the other side. They soon gained the cover of the bluff, and then rushing behind the stone wall and into the cellars, they made the rebels fly like bees from their hive. They scampered in every direction, pursued by our boys, who shot many of them, and took others prisoners.

“The Michigan Eighth has a ‘plucky’ drummer boy named Robert Hendershot, who seeing the preparations made to cross, ran ahead and leaped into one of the boats. ‘You’ll be shot,’ called an officer. ‘Beside, we haven’t room for you.’ ‘I’m not afraid,’ said little Rob,’ ‘and I promise you I’ll not be idle if you’ll take me along.’ But the boats were full, and no amount of persuasion would induce the Captain to let him go. ‘Well, then,’ said Rob, ‘let me push the boat off;’ and as it floated into the stream, the boy clung fast to the stern, and winter’s day as it was, he crossed the river in this way. A fragment of shell shattered his drum; but in no wise discouraged, he picked up a

musket, and set out to explore the enemy's ground. After a while he reported himself to an officer, and handed over a 'Butternut' whom he had ferreted from his hiding-place. When the party re-crossed, applauded with cheers from a thousand throats, Burnside sent for the boy and commended him openly for his courageous bearing.

"If bravery could have won the day, it would assuredly have been ours. But the battle consisted in a series of vain attempts to carry the neighboring crests, faced with stone walls, and bristling with heavy guns—a position to be carried only by siege. Again and again, during that gloomy day, did our Generals hurl their troops against these impenetrable ramparts. The powder from the rebel musketry and the hot blast of the artillery burned their faces, and hundreds of gallant men lay dead within twenty-five paces of the walls. I never thought to come out of the battle alive, for my comrades were dropping on every side, and half our regiment is among the killed and wounded. Those who were near Burnside, say that he was deeply troubled by the scene. Walking restlessly up and down, he exclaimed, repeatedly, 'That crest must be carried to-night.' He would not admit that the assault was hopeless, though even Hooker's men, who were the last to assail the crest, could do nothing more than fall before it, like water dashing itself into spray upon a cliff. Nearly one half of his division was left upon the slopes at the foot of Marye's heights. Not less than fifteen thousand men were lost to us that day. The enemy's loss was, we

estimate, about a third of that number. It is a sad battle with which to close the year ; for I suppose we shall now go into Winter quarters and wait till Spring for success to our arms. But these disastrous days, illumined not with victory but with heroism, are not without their effect. How priceless and noble is the cause for which these mournful sacrifices are made !

“ I know not when I shall be able to see you. At present, we need rest, discipline, and steadfastness to the duty of the hour ; for it is a time of desertion and absence from causes unknown. Our company talk of keeping Christmas together, and you must think of us as singing ‘ Home, Sweet Home,’ as well as ‘ Unfurl the Glorious Banner,’ and other songs of the camp. Adieu. Tell Horace we must meet when the war is over, if not before, and recount to one another the experiences of these eventful years.

“ Ever yours,

“ DANIEL.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,—MURFREESBORO'.

NEITHER Aunt Ellen nor Horace could be persuaded to prolong their vacation into the Christmas holidays. The furlough of the latter did not include them, and the former, warned by Daniel's account of the carnage at Fredericksburg, was anxious to return quickly to her post in the hospital. But early in the new year, and shortly after the time appointed for Horace to rejoin his regiment, a letter came from him dated "Murfreessboro', Tenn., Jan. 8th, 1863."

"Now we shall hear some good news," said Mr. Warren, when the date was read. "The papers have been filled with accounts of this victory for the last two or three days."

After the first lines of greeting and personal news, Horace wrote :

“ I told you, as you may remember, that Rosecrans, after the success at Corinth, took command of certain forces, combined under the name of the Army of the Cumberland.

“ The great raid made by Bragg's army in September, when it took possession of the principal military stations of Kentucky, and subsisted on the produce of the land, had been the source of much discouragement among our own troops. Under Buell's direction they had failed of success, and had become woefully dispirited. They needed clothing, food, equipments, discipline, and most of all, a leader who could inspire them with courage and hope. Thousands were sick in the hospitals ; thousands more had obtained leave of absence, and over six thousand were absent ‘ without authority,’ that is, they were deserters from the ranks. But Rosecrans gave himself immediately to the re-organization of the army, and after six weeks' hard work, he wrought such improvement in it, that hereafter a man may well be proud to belong to ‘ the Army of the Cumberland.’ I remark a great and favorable change that has taken place, even during the brief time of my furlough. Deserters have been hunted up, drunken officers displaced, dishonest sutlers arrested, and many other wrongs righted ; an army mail was established sometime since, and as a result, twenty thousand letters have often been sent from the camp in one day,

together with photographs by the bushel ; and hundreds of dollars' worth of postage stamps have been sold daily. Before the new Commander came, so low had the moral character of the army sunk, that some of the men actually surrendered themselves to the rebels in order to be paroled, and thereby avoid further military duty. 'Old Rosey' heard of this shameful proceeding, and having gathered some fifty of these poltroons, he sent them out to parade the streets of Nashville, in a motley uniform, and wearing white cotton red-tasseled night caps on their heads. The band accompanied them, playing the 'Rogue's March,' amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd. After this exhibition, we heard of no more self surrenders."

The boys were highly amused at this novel parade, and Roger declared that 'Old Rosey' was 'regular hunkey'—whatever that might be.

"Our General is about as hard with traitors as with cowards," continued the letter. "By means of his police and secret service, which latter is conducted mainly by spies, he has quite clarified the treasonable atmosphere of Nashville. A lady went to him one day and begged hard for a pass, that she might visit an uncle who was dangerously ill. 'Very sorry indeed, madam, said the General ; 'my uncle also has been indisposed for some time past, and as soon as Uncle Sam recovers you shall have a pass to go wherever you please.' By

the skillful operations of the spies, many traitors, giving aid and comfort to the enemy, have been brought to light.

“One of our spies, pretending to be ‘secesh,’ made the acquaintance of a shoemaker, by means of whose hollow-heeled boots, dispatches were conveyed to the Confederate Government. ‘I make boots for all our spies,’ said the man confidentially to his supposed Southern friend, ‘and not one has ever been detected. I have even sent dispatches in a common pipe.’ ‘Can you get me a pass?’ asked our man. ‘Yes, indeed, as many as you want. I have a friend at head-quarters who steals blank passes for me whenever they’re needed, and I fill them out myself. I pay him in whiskey for his services.’ Of course these traitors were arrested and punished. Another spy who had seen much perilous service beyond the lines, and had barely escaped with his life, allowed himself to be arrested as a Southern spy, and was lodged in prison with a number of prominent rebels, from whom he obtained much valuable information. In our last battle (Murfreesboro’), one of the spies went in and out of Bragg’s army three times, and dined with the rebel General at his own table. No men in the service had had more perilous adventures, or worked harder for the Union, than the spies of the ‘Army of the Cumberland.’

“General Bragg, after his raid, withdrew to this town, (Murfreesboro’), on the railroad, to the south-east of Nashville. He thought, perhaps, that Rosecrans would remain at the latter place in winter-quarters with his

army. But our General is not the man to wait idly inside of breastworks while the enemy are within striking distance. As soon, therefore, as the army was in good condition, and the necessary stores laid in, he gave orders to advance, by three separate roads, and gave battle to the enemy. We started the day after Christmas, and had passed hardly two miles beyond our picket line, when we encountered bodies of rebel cavalry, infantry and artillery, prepared to resist us. We pushed on through cedar thickets and oak forests, pausing only when it was necessary to fight for the right of way, till we reached Stone River, a small stream near Murfreesboro'. The Butternuts were in position on the other side, and were evidently expecting to contest the ground with us. As we lay down to rest that night, anticipating the struggle of the morrow, it was well that we did not know how prolonged and severe it was to prove.

I suppose Rosecrans had arranged his plans for conducting the battle, but whatever they may have been, they were rendered futile by a sudden and tremendous assault of the enemy, early the next morning (December 31st), upon the divisions of our right wing ; and as has often happened during the war, the advantage through the early part of the struggle rested with the rebels. They attack us with valor, but we overcome finally by our determination to hold the ground, and our ability to endure till they are exhausted and give way. In 'pluck' they are often our equals ; in 'grit,' we are their superiors. This we proved at Donelson, Pea Ridge, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, and we were

to prove it again at Murfreesboro'. At the first onslaught our divisions were forced back by the mere pressure of the masses bearing down upon them, and great numbers of men were taken prisoners. Messengers came with gloomy tidings to the Commander, 'McCook's line is broken. The enemy are driving us.' 'Rebel cavalry are capturing our trains in the rear.' 'Very well,' said Rosecrans, with an unmoved face, 'we will rectify it!' Another courier rides up, 'General Sill,' a gallant soldier, 'has fallen, killed by a musket shot.' 'Never mind,' said our General, knowing well that no time could be spared in the emergency for unavailing sorrows. 'Brave men must die in battle.' A shell struck Garesche, his Chief of Staff, and most beloved friend, and blew his head into fragments; while others of the escort were wounded in the same instant; but the General seemed not to heed the disaster. 'Garesche is dead,' said a member of the staff. 'I am very sorry,' he replied; 'but we cannot help it.' Word came, fortunately it was erroneous, that McCook also had fallen. 'Men who fight must be killed,' said the General, calmly; 'but *we must win this battle!*' How we were to do it, no one knew in that gloomy hour. It seemed, indeed, as if the day was lost. Nearly half the ground held at daylight had been yielded to the enemy. Our right wing was demolished, and with it full one-third of our army was rendered useless for the work in hand. We had lost twenty-eight guns, and many noble officers, among them Generals, Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors. Thousands of our

brave fellows were prisoners, and thousands more were lying on the field. After all our triumphs was Mufreesboro', the last battle of the year in the West, to close like Fredericksburg, the last in the East? Our General would not believe it. He resolved to 'rectify' the disaster at once, and Generals Thomas, Rousseau, Negley, and Sheridan, were ordered to confront the enemy with troops drawn up in line of battle. Sheridan was four times attacked, and as often sent the rebels back wavering and disordered. It was necessary, owing to the position of the enemy, to form a new line of battle, and this movement in face of the foe, and with hostile batteries shelling our centre, is a most perilous undertaking. If Rosecrans himself had not directed the change in person, I doubt whether it could have been effected. It is said that during this movement, he visited every point along the line. The air meantime was dark with smoke and bullets, and the rebel artillery was flashing destruction upon our exposed columns. It was a dreadful day. My memories of it are those of blood, mangled bodies, ghastly faces, mingled with heaps of dead and dying horses, and through the rifts of smoke, the rebel columns stretching like waves of the sea beyond our sight. After the change of front was effected, the greybacks made several fruitless assaults at different points of the line. The wisdom and heroism of our Commander had saved us from utter defeat; without him we should have been ruined. When the right wing was broken up, it was he that sent forward Rousseau's and other divisions

to resist the further advance of the greybacks. In the moment of supreme peril, when one of our Generals had fallen, and the enemy was massing in force to overwhelm us, it was he that rallied the men, and led them onward, followed by the brave Rousseau, and drove the greybacks into the cedar thickets. Everywhere he was present, directing and inspiring by his own intrepid conduct. At the close of the day a council was held, in which our General affirmed his resolution to hold his ground and fight the battle through. 'We can and will win the victory over them,' he is reported to have said. The next day, the first of the new year, the enemy, surprised, it may be, to see us still confronting him, did not venture on a general engagement. But on the morning of the second, he suddenly opened a heavy artillery fire on our centre and left. The guns were silenced by our batteries, but frequent skirmishing and other signs of activity indicated that the greybacks were preparing to renew the battle. In the afternoon our skirmishers reported that they were throwing down fences, as if making ready for a charge upon us; and hardly was the announcement made, when behold, three grand lines of assault, supported by ten twelve-pounders, swept toward our centre. Their appearance was sudden and appalling. Our line of only four regiments faced the on-coming foe for a moment, fired a round, then wavered and broke. Three regiments in reserve were sent forward, but their strength was insufficient, and they too were forced to withdraw. The greybacks, formed in long lines of six deep, pressed

eagerly on. But now they had come within range of our guns, and great rents appeared in their solid ranks, while fresh and powerful bodies of men were sent forward to oppose their advance. They were overmatched in their turn, and turned back in confusion, pursued by our boys, who would have followed them into Murfreesboro', but for the coming darkness and the heavy rain that had set in. The next day—the fourth before Murfreesboro'—the storm raged; the artillery could not be moved over the soft ground, and no further move was made in the battle; though we improved the time by perfecting our arrangements for the next engagement. But at daylight on the fourth (January) the pickets came in with news. Bragg's army had disappeared; except the wounded on the field and the sick in the hospitals, not a Butternut was to be found. It was the old story. The grim persistence of Rosecrans, and the untiring, unyielding bravery of our soldiers, had overcome them. They could not stand fire as long as we; so they 'skedaddled.' That day, the blessed day of rest, we remained quiet; for we were worn with the tumult of the week. And never was the peaceful Sabbath more welcome. Many a silent, grateful prayer was uttered on the trampled battle-field to Him who had helped us, and had scattered our enemies before us like chaff in the wind. The place and circumstances would not admit of regular services, but our Chaplain gathered some of us together and read the Psalm beginning 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,' and then commented upon the good prov-

idence of God as manifested throughout the war. Our losses in this battle week amounted to nearly nine thousand men, or one-fifth of our entire force. The rebel loss we judge to be about ten thousand, and Bragg's army must be in a low condition, if we may believe the reports we hear from various sources. A squad of our boys met a tatterdemalion Texan, as he was riding southward on a broken-down mule, bare footed and bare headed, smoking as he went his corn-cob-pipe. 'Who are you?' asked one of the boys. 'Nobody!' 'Where did you come from?' 'Nowhere!' 'Well, where are you going, then?' 'Don't know!' 'Where do you belong?' 'Dpn't belong nowhere!' 'You were in Bragg's army, weren't you?' persisted the questioner. 'Bragg's army!' exclaimed the fellow twice over. 'Why, he's got no army! Half of it was shot in Kentuck, an th' other half has just been whipped to pieces at Murfreesboro.'

"The rebels are finally driven from their strongholds in this part of the country. Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Mitchell's operations in Alabama, Island Number Ten, Corinth, and this final blow at Murfreesboro, have pretty well used up this quarter of the 'Confederaey.' I doubt whether it will ever recover from the effect of these blows. The more determined of the rebels talk loudly of 'dying in the last ditch,' located probably on some point of the Gulf Coast; but my own opinion is that when they are forced to choose between surrender or death, they will accept the former.

“If Vicksburg was only ours, we should have the entire Mississippi, and the Confederacy would be divided by a line of Union gun-boats. You have heard, perhaps, of General Sherman’s attempt to take that place. While we were mowing down the rebel columns at Murfreesboro’, his noble ‘Army of the Tennessee’ was assaulting its perilous heights. The men fought bravely, but after struggling in swamps, quicksands, ditches, and abattis, they found the fortifications too strong to be taken except by investment and a regular siege, and abandoned them, with a loss of about two thousand men. The enemy lost little more than two hundred. I add a story for Frank’s collection. During the assault, a drummer-boy came to Sherman at the front, and called, ‘Send some cartridges to Colonel Malmborg; the men are nearly out.’ ‘What is the matter, my boy?’ asked the General, seeing that he was disabled. ‘They shot me in the leg, sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away.’ He limped off amid a rain of shot, and just as he turned the hill, he stopped and called loudly, ‘Calibre 54.’ The fact that, in a wounded state, he should have come to the front, done his errand, not forgetting the important item of the muskets’ calibre, impressed the General’s mind. It is said that the boy’s name, Orion Howe, is reported to the Secretary of War, that he may be rewarded. Whither the Army of the Cumberland will next direct its march, we do not know; but I will apprise you of its movements. Write me whenever you can. I want

to hear from Maedy and the boys. My best love to them.

“ Ever yours, affectionately,

“ HORACE.”

“ I should think,” said Frank, later, as they were talking of Horace’s letter, “ the rebels would begin to fear that their Confederacy would never amount to anything. They don’t make any headway, do they, father? Only think how many battles they’ve lost in the West this last year!”

“ They still oppose us with a bold front; but these reverses cannot fail to discourage them, and their ‘ Confederacy ’ was never nearer destruction than it is to-day. Meanwhile on our side, despite all failures, we have great cause for gratitude in that so much has been achieved. In the East, we have the Army of the Potomac, strong in numbers, well organized and disciplined, undaunted by its reverses, ready and waiting to be led onward. We hold the principal military posts of North Carolina. We blockaded the Savannah River, and have compelled the surrender of Fort Pulaski,

commanding its mouth. We have invaded Florida. In Louisiana, we hold New Orleans and other important places. The waters and shores of the Mississippi, with the exception of Vicksburg, are ours from Cairo to the Gulf. Kentucky and Tennessee are wrested from the misrule of the Confederates by the victories at Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, and Murfreesboro'. Even our disasters have had their good effect; for from them we have learned some important lessons. Our armies are strong, our people resolute and hopeful, and the Flag of the Union is still borne onward by valiant hands.

“But the crowning event of the times has come with the New Year, and ushers in another and glorious epoch in our history. The President’s Proclamation of Freedom, issued on New Year’s day, declares that all persons held as slaves in the rebellious States ‘ARE AND HENCEFORTH SHALL BE FREE.’ At last, then, our country is redeemed from the curse; Slavery, the

source of our national troubles and strifes, has passed away forever. And although it is true that the Proclamation cannot take immediate effect in the Slave States—that the bonds upon four million human beings cannot be instantaneously broken—yet it is no less true that hereafter wherever our Flag is borne, it shall ‘proclaim Liberty throughout the Land to all the inhabitants thereof.’”









